

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK CITY.—THE STUDY OF BOTANY UNDER DIFFICULTIES—A SCENE ON A BY-PATH IN CENTRAL PARK.—SEE PAGE 6.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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NOTICE.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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Under the assignment, and with the assent of Mrs. Miriam F. Leslie, the widow of Frank Leslie, and his sole legatee under his will, the publications of the House will be continued as heretofore under the management of the undersigned.

All communications should be addressed to 57 Park Place, or to P. O. Box 4121, New York City, N. Y.
I. W. ENGLAND, Assignee.

SHAMS BROUGHT TO THE TEST.

ONE of our contemporaries in this city contained the other day the report of an "interview" with Mr. Secretary Evarts, in the course of which he is represented to have held the following language:

"If the supporters of the Republican Platform to-day had given the Administration their hearty support three years ago it would not be a question of doubt to-day as to which party will succeed in the coming election. The whole country would have rallied to the standard which proclaimed industry and prosperity to all sections of the land."

And while the Secretary of State was speaking in this wise in Washington, a company of bankers, assembled in public convention at Saratoga in this State, was discussing, with calmness and intelligence, some of the problems on which the "industry and prosperity" of the country, in all its sections, are seen to depend, but which the fuglemen of both the two great historical parties seem inclined, for the present, to hustle as far as possible out of sight under the smoke and dust of a vulgar political wrangle. That the Democratic leaders should "flight shy" of the pending financial issues may find its sufficient explanation, if not justification, in the fact that they labor under a conscious sense of inability to meet these issues in the present divided state of political sentiment within their ranks, on all questions relating to national banks, the greenback circulation, and the depreciated silver dollar. But that the Republican leaders, after the initiative they have taken in promoting the resumption of specie payments, should shrink from the logical consequences and concomitants of that initiative, if it was ever undertaken with sincerity and with earnestness, we find it difficult to explain on any theory that is easily consistent with the repute of its authors for intelligence or for courage. With Mr. Evarts, we feel inclined to exclaim, "What do the masses of the people care about the squabble of the politicians over troops at the polls, or other abstract points of a partisan nature," when there are real and vital questions impending over us which come home to the very business and bosoms of the people?

"Troops at the polls" would, indeed, be a good slogan if there were any danger that a single voter was likely to be intimidated by their presence at the polls in the coming Presidential election; and "the Solid South" might be a good battle-cry if it were not raised by men who clamor for a "Solid North," and who claim a vested right in the "solid" vote of the colored race, thus showing that it is not a sectional or political "solidity" which excites their indignation, but the side on which the "solidity" is found. And the impertinence of these "issues" is set in only a clearer light by the magnitude and importance of the questions which have been put by them in a temporary abeyance, as if, forsooth, the politics of the country could be divorced from the economical interests and business pursuits of the people.

Hence we cannot but consider it as a cause of gratulation that, while false cries and panic terrors are being sounded from a thousand political hustings in the land, a body of practical economists and of financial experts has come to remind the American people that the nominal resumption of specie payments is "not a final settlement of any of the great questions of finance which have agitated the country for so many years past, nor is it a demonstration of courage or of the highest financial wisdom on the part of the nation." It certainly was not a demonstration of courage or of financial wisdom on the part of our legislators, for the great majority of the Democrats in Congress sought to frustrate its accomplishment, and, beyond the passage of a resolution that a qualified resumption of specie payments should take place on the 1st of January, 1879, the Republicans in Congress did little or nothing to bring about the desired result. Abundant crops and a favorable balance of trade did greatly more to facilitate the resumption of specie payments than any wisdom of our rulers at Washington, though Mr. Secretary Sherman deserves all the credit that is due to the skillful administrative officer who knew how to take the tide of our prosperous for-

tunes at the flood. So true is it that our nominal resumption of specie payments resulted from a conjunction of fortuitous causes rather than from any determinate policy of statesmanship, that one of the bankers in the Saratoga Convention did not scruple to hold the following language:

"Resumption may come about and specie payments be for a long time maintained on an amount of specie wholly inadequate to the permanent maintenance of specie payments. This was the character of the resumption of January 1st, 1879, of which, as a people, we have little cause for boasting, though we have much cause to congratulate ourselves upon our good fortune. The credit of resumption does not belong to us, for we did not bring it about by any intelligent act and did not purposely contribute anything towards its accomplishment. All that we did was to issue a resolution by Congress that we would resume on the 1st of January, 1879, but we did not take any steps to accomplish it. We only sat down and waited."

As the politicians "only sat down and waited" for the so-called resumption of specie payments in 1879, so in this year of grace 1880 they only "sit and wait" while the frail and unsteady basis of this resumption is being slowly but surely undermined before their eyes. The legal-tender notes, instead of being retired according to the solemn promise of the nation when it issued them, are retained to-day in circulation by the force of a statute of Congress, when the country has no need for them, but when their mere presence is a standing lure to monetary fanatics as well as a gross breach of public faith and of political morality. The depreciated silver dollar is still another standing menace to the stability of resumption. Two-fifths of the coin reserve of the Government is now held in this depreciated coin, and soon the proportion will be more than one-half, and then a slight disturbance either in our civil or commercial condition would precipitate the shipment of gold abroad, the collapse of resumption as it now stands, and the reduction of trade and commerce to a single silver standard, in common with Asiatic countries like India and China. Then would come another crash and another panic. The withdrawal of gold from circulation will make a "tight money market." The shock of the public credit will make it "tighter." Contracts between citizens will be disturbed, and contracts made with people abroad will be subject to all the hindrances and losses incident to computations made in two currencies, and one of these a currency of changing value.

And this preposterous policy is cherished by the Democrats of the South and West not only in spite of their ancient political traditions, but in spite of the dread of Federal "centralization" professed in the Cincinnati platform; but what Federal "centralization" can be more potent for evil than a policy which lodges in the Secretary of the Treasury a power to force a depreciated dollar on the people at any moment he may select? For the silver dollar must be forced on the people before they will take it, seeing as we do that only six millions of the sixty-five millions already coined can now be kept afloat in our general circulation, and that the discarded coin, as fast as it comes from the mint, is stowed away in vaults which have to be enlarged to hold it because the people will not use it.

And many Republicans, too, as if wishing to tide over the coming Presidential election without confessing the weakness of the claim they found on the "success of resumption," are now glorying in the shame of the silver dollar, and actually do homage to it as the keystone of the arch on which resumption rests. To this effect that organ of Stalwart Republicanism, the *National Republican* at Washington, reasons as follows:

"The silver dollar lies at the door of the Treasury and prevents a speculation in gold and the consequent depreciation of the greenback. Were the gold mania—the brokers of the country—at liberty to demand gold for their greenbacks at the Treasury, the fair fabric of resumption, the pride and glory of Mr. Sherman's record, would wither in a week. The broker knows that if he could corner a hundred millions of greenbacks—and such a scheme would be easy of accomplishment to the Goulds and Keenes of Wall Street—Mr. Sherman would hand him over bags of silver dollars, not the compact gold which he covets. This certainty has prevented and will prevent that raid upon the gold in the Treasury which was the dream of Wall Street before resumption. The bright silver in the Treasury is all that makes a Black Friday on Wall Street impossible."

Would it be possible to state in clearer terms the "scarcerow" quality of the silver dollar, the insecurity of resumption, and the political immorality which not only tolerates such a specious and delusive policy, but actually exults in it?

AS OTHERS SEE US.

THE unexampled material prosperity of the United States is a subject of almost constant comment in the European press. The truth is that there is not a country in Europe which does not feel its social framework more or less shaken by the influence of our example—not one whose whole industrial and commercial system is not affected by our agricultural and manufacturing competition. This competition is, indeed, becoming practically destructive to some foreign productive interests. The *London Examiner*, in a recent article on this subject, sums up a statement of the vast

advantages we enjoy agriculturally, in these words:

"The Americans appear to have at last discovered that, if they are to 'whip creation' effectively, they must take their stand on their agricultural rather than on their manufacturing advantages. At the next census it is calculated that they will number 50,000,000 souls, the majority of whom will be breeders of cattle and growers of grain. And the ratio of increase of these formidable competitors is enormous. Four hundred thousand immigrants, it is estimated, will this year be landed on the shores of the United States, chiefly English, Irish, Germans and Scandinavians, of the best class and in the prime of life. The amount of ready money which they bring with them to their adopted country is not less than \$12 per head, while the value of their industry is simply incalculable. They are admittedly the best bone and sinew of the Old World. Avoiding the mistake of the earlier immigrants, they no longer attempt to find a home in the Eastern States, but at once take train for the Far West, where at present, at all events, the demand for manual labor of all kinds is practically unlimited. Much has been said about the folly of labor combinations 'driving capital out of the country.' But here manifestly we have the converse process at work. The proletariat of Europe is being driven by the hundred thousand across the Atlantic to escape the dreaded conscription, and the crushing burdens imposed by the 'bloated armaments' maintained by monarchical States. The New World is redressing the balance of the Old with a vengeance. Our agriculturists have been the first to feel the strain. They are face to face with a competition of ruinous severity. The gravity of the crisis cannot be exaggerated. Better harvests will avail them but little. To any one who has beheld with his own eyes 'what is being done in those glorious, free United States,' agriculturally speaking, the general insubility of Englishmen to the imminent ruin with which our agricultural interest is menaced must appear to savor of absolute lunacy."

A FEW WORDS OF WARNING.

IN the belief that the present and still active depression in the value of the majority of gold and silver mining stocks will not hinder either the purchases of mines or the organization of such mines into joint-stock companies, we offer a few suggestions to our readers and the general public.

To the successful working of every gold and silver mine there are three essential pre-requisites: First, The existence of an ore body, which, after the most careful possible examination, promises to repay judicious and economic development. Second, Efficient management under and above ground. Third, Honest financial administration. When these three indispensable requisites can be reunited, profitable employment of capital in mining enterprises may ensue. Either of the three lacking, disaster is inevitable. And that it is not easy to reunite them is best proved by the very small number of mines paying regular and continuous dividends out of their earnings. They do not to-day amount to twenty.

The first pre-requisite—namely, the existence of an ore body—is not by any means the easiest of the three. More mistakes are probably made in this than in either of the other two which we have mentioned. In the first place, even the original purchaser of the mine and the organizers of the company, be they never so honest, may have been deceived. It is, of course, impossible for all intending investors in the stock to visit and inspect the mine. They are obliged, therefore, to rely mainly, if not entirely, upon reports, more or less trustworthy. Reports cannot be valuable or reliable except as made by honest, disinterested, experienced geologists, metallurgists and mining engineers. And again, such men are about as scarce as hens' teeth. Possibly the best plan is to obtain the services of the men whose reputations for honesty and experience stand, and have stood, the longest at the head of the list. But the best even of these must occasionally make mistakes. *Humanum est errare*, and in corroboration of this we remind our readers that very many of the districts which to-day are the leading fields of mining industry of the country have, at some preceding date, been abandoned as worthless by practical miners and declared valueless by the same eminent mining experts.

The second pre-requisite is efficient under and above ground management. This department is, in mining enterprises of any magnitude, in charge of a general superintendent. For the success of the enterprise this person must reunite honesty to a thorough knowledge of geology and metallurgy, and must be a thorough judge of every class of labor. He cannot efficiently direct the foreman of the under-ground work unless he possesses practical knowledge of every species of rock and every class of ore. He must be well up in all branches of practical philosophy, and competent to overcome unexpected obstacles and difficulties—social and physical. If these requirements are indispensable for the under-ground portion of his work, those for the treatment of the extracted ore are not less necessary and exacting. He must be a thorough analytical chemist. To disintegrate the bullion from the ore, he should be thoroughly versed in the laws of nature which had incorporated the bullion in the ore. Fortunes have been lost and good mines abandoned for lack of knowledge as to how to treat refractory ores. A competent man may make poor ore pay, and an incompetent one ruins a valuable mine. As a general rule, the best under-ground men are poor hands at treating ores, and the rule holds inversely. And in-

efficiency in either branch of the business converts what should be dividends into assessments or mortgage bonds.

The third pre-requisite is honest financial administration. On this point a very few words will suffice. The public has been of late so fearfully victimized by apparently respectable lists of directors and trustees, that without these words of warning it is improbable that any sane person will invest a dollar without having first learned, by close investigation, the antecedents of the persons to whom he intrusts it. Moreover, the "army-worm"—the name given in the Street to these sharks who have of late been feeding upon a credulous public—is gradually leaving. Men are returning to the Pacific Slope, because there is nothing green left here upon which they may browse.

THE MORALE OF AMUSEMENT.

A CONTEMPORARY, alluding to the fact that over 3,000 persons assembled to view the recent bull-fight in this city, made the incident the text of a sermon on that love of cruelty which it said was inherent in the human race. This has always been a favorite topic with the cynical and morose, who delight in depreciating the masses for the purpose of elevating their own class to a moral platform higher than the rest. In his subtle and pseudo-philosophical manner, Rochefoucauld sounded the first modern keynote of this shallow and cold-hearted philosophy when he said, in one of those half-truth fallacies called moral reflections, "There is something in the misfortunes of our dearest friends not altogether displeasing to us."

We forbear to comment upon this libel on the human heart, leaving it to the judgment of our readers, who cannot but feel its subtle atrocity. The whole philosophy of that school of glittering eclectics is founded on a system utterly at variance with all logic and experience. It is a system where the exception is considered the rule. Van Amburgh, the celebrated lion-tamer, whose exhibitions were once so popular in England and America, used to relate an anecdote which illustrates how completely the love of excitement and craving for sensation operates upon the minds of all. In his various exhibitions he had noticed in the very front row of the parquet one particular old gentleman, who seemed never to miss an exhibition. One of the most startling of Van Amburgh's feats was to put his head into the mouth of his largest lion. Van Amburgh's curiosity was aroused, and he managed to get an interview with this constant spectator, who unblushingly confessed to the astonished lion-tamer that the sole object of his unvarying attendance was to see Van Amburgh put his head into the lion's mouth *once too often*—in point of fact, to see the brute bite his head off. If any one has built from this fact a theory of the natural cruelty of the human heart, he will perhaps be amazed to find that this votary of sensation was Alisopp, the humanitarian friend of Coleridge, and the founder of a refuge for orphans in his native town of Norwich.

It is a natural postulate in all things, of two evils to choose the least, and it is equally natural in all matters concerning mankind to choose the best of any two theories. In this view, we incline to the belief that the substratum of the community is not cruelty but thoughtlessness and that innate love of excitement and craving for sensation without which civilization would stagnate, and even Christianity pause in its heroic career of human improvement. It is this undying element in our nature that lends such attractions to those perilous acrobatic feats of the trapeze and the tight-rope. In addition to this is that instinctive admiration we all feel for those deeds of difficulty and daring which partake more or less of the heroic. It would be a libel upon humanity to say that the thousands who nightly visit the new pantomime at Wallack's, which is full of dangerous experiments in gravitation, are attracted by the forlorn hope of seeing some fatal catastrophe. In spite of the pessimists, we believe that a cruel heart is the exception, and not the rule, in human nature.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE illness of Mr. Gladstone, from which he has happily recovered, caused much excitement in London. It appears that his magnificent constitution has at last broken down, and that Mr. Gladstone at seventy-one cannot deliver addresses bareheaded under the falling snow, undergo all the worry and excitement of a general election, and then carry on his shoulders the whole Government, without feeling the weight of his self-imposed task. During the few last debates in the House of Commons which he attended before his illness, Mr. Gladstone's fretfulness and excitability were very noticeable, and upon one occasion he went so far as to catch Sir Vernon Harcourt's coat-tails and pull him into his seat, saying that he had spoken long enough. A curious incident of the case, was that Dr. Andrew Clark, who was in attendance and who is one of the principal physicians in London, received numerous letters advising him how to treat his illustrious patient!

Since the rejection of the Compensation for Disturbance Bill by the Lords, there has been a fierce outcry among certain persons who are known as the Metropolitan Liberals—men who, although Members of Parliament, have no great standing. These persons, whenever the House of Lords throws out some foolish Bill, immediately begin to clamor for the abolition of the Upper House, forgetting that the influence which it exerts is generally a good one, and that when there is really a popular demand for the passing of any measure, the

Lords seldom stand in the way. In Ireland this throwing out of the Bill has led to serious consequences. An attempt has been made to blow up the barracks at Cork. Two barrels of gunpowder were placed in a recess in the railroad tunnel which runs underneath the barracks. The commandant received timely warning and had the barrels removed and thereby saved the lives of a host of unoffending soldiers. At Dungannon there have been serious riots, and from the western parts of the island come reports of men drilling at night and of numerous threatening letters. The prosperity of the people in the North of Ireland is in striking contrast with the lazy misery of the inhabitants of the South and West. The flax crop is very promising and covers a wide area. Besides taking the lead with its linens, which are known all over the world, Belfast is now competing with Glasgow and the Clyde in shipbuilding, while in printing, this city has attained a proud position.

The financial positions of France and Germany are well worthy of consideration. After France had paid the enormous indemnity, in which she had been mulcted at the close of the Franco-Prussian War, the French people set themselves manfully to work in order that, by economy and hard work, they might recover the losses which they had suffered. Germany, on the other hand, elated by victory and feeling in her pockets that plentiful supply of ducats which she had received, became foolishly extravagant, and the natural consequence is that to-day Germany is almost bankrupt, and that France is rich and prosperous. Since the consummation of the unity of Germany there have been many Ministers of Finance, none of whose views, unfortunately, agreed with those of Prince Bismarck. The protective tariff does not supply sufficient funds, and Prince Bismarck now proposes to impose more indirect taxes, such as a brewers' malt tax, a tobacco monopoly and additional stamp duties. The young men are unwilling to serve as officers in the army, and their physique is said to have considerably deteriorated since the last war. This disinclination is shown by the number of young officers who are seeking employment in Turkey. Meanwhile, in France the army has reached a high state of perfection, and the Autumn manoeuvres, which will soon be held, will undoubtedly show a high state of efficiency in the French ranks. The danger of general war which is caused by the Eastern question is thoroughly felt in France, and, indeed, all the Great Powers are anxiously awaiting the settlement of the present difficulty, which may result either in peace or war.

While all Europe is disturbed by wars and rumors of wars, it is pleasant to turn our attention to little Belgium, where a happy and prosperous people are now celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of their independence. The ill feelings which exist in other monarchical countries between the rulers and the ruled find no resting-place in Belgium. The King is revered as the first citizen in the State; the royal family as the nation's head. Constitutional liberty is seen in that fortunate country at its very best. The people are contented and happy; wealth daily increases; political differences do not engage the entire attention of any class; art flourishes, and trade and manufacturing interests are at an acme of prosperity. When it is remembered that almost the whole civilized world has lately passed through an era of great depression, it is worth noting that Belgium, instead of suffering, has continuously increased in prosperity. In the matter of machinery the advance is prodigious. For many years Belgium looked to England and France for the greater part of her machinery, and several foreign houses had established themselves permanently in Belgium. Now, however, there is not a single foreign house, and machinery is exported at an annually increasing rate. Much assistance has been rendered by the Government towards fostering these industries, and the present annual value of Belgian exports in machines exceeds fifty millions of francs. One of the largest manufacturing industries which is not counted under the head of machinery, is the manufacture of firearms. In the town of Liège 30,000 persons are engaged in this branch, and they work, not in unhealthy factories, but in their own homes. Coal and other mining has also enormously increased, and the leather trade, for which Belgium was always famous, continues to thrive. At the present moment this country imports more skins from La Plata than either England, France or Germany. Enough cotton is annually imported and manufactured to supply all home wants, and strength, added to French elegance, makes Belgian furniture almost the best in the world. What this country has done and is doing in art is too well known to require any notice here, but it may be remarked that architecture has taken great strides under the patronage of the King, whose tastes in this line are so notorious that he goes by the name of "Leopold the Builder." Of late years Brussels has greatly improved in the architecture of her houses and public buildings; indeed, there are few cities that can compare in beauty with the modern metropolis of Belgium. Under these circumstances it is not strange that the Belgians should be proud of themselves, and that the Commissioners of the Exhibition should invite the representatives of the press of all countries to show them the proud position among nations which Belgium has acquired.

It is freely charged in responsible quarters that the present Democratic State Committee in this State is not heartily interested in the success of General Hancock, and that unless a new committee shall be constituted, the campaign will not be prosecuted with the energy and vigor necessary to success. This is a matter which concerns the Democracy of the

whole country, and if the allegation of indifference on the part of the present committee should be true, it would seem that steps should be taken to lodge the conduct of the canvass in hands which will not hang listless in presence of the crisis which is now upon the party.

SEVERAL States have anti-tramp laws. If they would only enforce them against the political vagrants who are now flitting to and fro as professional stump-speakers, and disgusting all decent people by harangues which are only too often as mischievous in tendency as they are indecent, a real service would be done to the cause of morality and honest politics.

THE State of Minnesota, only twenty-three years old, will produce this year 45,000,000 bushels of wheat, besides an enormous yield of oats, corn and barley. The full acreage of wheat is 2,963,325 acres, an increase of 200,804 acres over last year. This is certainly a splendid exhibit for so young a State, and affords a striking proof of the growth, while it at the same time embodies a prophecy of the grand possibilities, of the great Northwest.

THE belief that the spirit of revolution in Mexico has been exterminated is not justified by late reports, which represent that in several localities gangs of marauders have risen in revolt and attempted to levy tribute from wealthy citizens. All the revolutionary movements appear to have been promptly suppressed, but the fact that they have been attempted indicate a want of stability and a prevalence of a rebellious temper which augur badly for the prosperity of the Republic.

THE great Southern fair to be held at Atlanta, Ga., next month, under the auspices of the Gate City Guard, promises to eclipse everything of the kind ever attempted in that section of the Union. During the fair there will be a grand reunion of Southern and Northern military bodies, the influence of which is expected to be eminently salutary in subduing sectional animosities. The proceeds of the fair will be applied to the erection of a memorial hall by the military organization already named, the cost of which will be over \$50,000.

THE decline of the Greenback movement is very clearly illustrated by the insignificant character of the New York Greenback Convention held at Syracuse last week. The attendance did not at any time exceed over one hundred persons, and the proceedings lacked altogether the vim and enthusiasm which two or three years ago characterized conventions of this sort. The truth is that the Greenback Labor Party is now nothing more than a refuge for crippled and decayed politicians who cannot find harbor anywhere else. The managers have no other ambition than to trade upon the little capital they imagine themselves to possess; but they are not likely to find any bidders this year for wares which are of no real value to either party.

A STATEMENT issued by the Treasury Department shows that the net revenue of the Government from all sources for 1880 is \$333,526,610, while in 1879 it amounted to \$273,827,184, an increase of \$59,699,426. The net ordinary expenditures of the Government for 1880 are shown to be \$267,642,957, against \$266,947,883 for 1879. A comparison of expenditures for interest on the public debt and for pensions for the years 1879 and 1880 shows a large increase in the one and a considerable reduction in the other. For 1879 the interest on the public debt amounted to \$105,327,949, and for 1880 to \$95,757,575, a decrease of \$9,570,374. In 1879 there was expended on account of pensions \$35,121,482, while for 1880 the expenditure for this account amounted to \$56,777,174, an increase of \$21,655,692 in one year.

At a recent meeting of the Saratoga Monument Association ex-Governor Seymour, in urging our commemorating, as a people, of the deeds of our ancestors, said very truly that the mere ornamentation which is put on public buildings, and which disfigures rather than adorns, greatly exceeds in cost each year the expense of erecting suitable monuments to mark the scenes of great events in our history and the graves of men who sacrificed their lives in obtaining the independence of our country. He maintained that the public moneys in this particular were unwisely expended, and the Association, under the impulse of his suggestion, resolved to appeal directly to Congress for financial help. Meanwhile, the work of constructing the monument will go forward under the \$10,000 appropriation made by the Legislature.

WEEK before last several persons were killed and a large number seriously injured by the second section of an excursion train on a New Jersey railroad running into the first section on a siding. It now turns out that the disaster was due to the fact that the engineer did not know how to use the automatic brake, being utterly ignorant of the principles upon which it is operated, and that as a result the only check upon the train, when he attempted to stop it, was the power-brake applied to the driver-wheels. Had he understood his business, he could have stopped his train in twice its own length; as it was, he barely stopped it in a mile and a half. There must be something wrong in a system of management under which ignorant and incompetent men are thus permitted to operate the motive power of a railway carrying thousands

of passengers daily. The incident will not be lost if it shall impress upon railway managers the absolute importance of employing none but capable and trustworthy men as engineers. As a step to this end they must pay such wages as the highest forms of intelligence and conscientiousness have a right to exact, and abandon the niggardly policy which, as a rule, sets a premium upon stupidity and carelessness.

A REPORT just made by a sanitary inspector appointed to inquire into the subject of the health of shop-girls, as affected by long-continued standing, has some importance as dissipating a false impression now very generally prevalent. It has been believed that women cannot maintain the standing posture as long as men without rendering them liable to sickness, but the facts disclosed by this sanitary inquiry do not sustain this common opinion. One employer testified that out of an average of 250 girls only 7 had died within fifteen years, and that there was very little severe sickness among them. Saleswomen themselves complain of their long hours of work, but there seems to be no evidence that their health is seriously affected by occupying a standing rather than a sitting posture. Still, it would be well if employers would generally provide sitting accommodations for employes, to be occupied at their leisure intervals.

CONNECTICUT and New Jersey are pivotal States in the present political campaign, and both parties seem determined to bring their best men to the front. In the former State the Republican nominee for Governor, a gentleman of great popularity and unexceptional character, is antagonized by ex-Governor James E. English, the Democratic candidate. Mr. English has an unblemished record, is able and popular, and his nomination will not only lift the canvass to a high plane, but secure a square trial of strength on the broad ground of principle and character between the parties of the State. In New Jersey the Republicans have nominated Hon. F. A. Potts for Governor, and go into the canvass with a vigor and enthusiasm which they have not manifested for years. "Mr. Potts," as the *World* remarks, "is one of the strongest and cleanest Republican leaders" of the State—a gentleman who enjoys the cordial respect and confidence of the good men of all parties, and whose record, both in political and business life, has been always conspicuous for conscientiousness, ability and integrity. The Democrats have yet to nominate, and unless they shall select a candidate representing the best and highest element of the party, the election of Mr. Potts—as many of their party-leaders concede—will be something more than probable.

CENSUS estimates fix the total population of the United States at about 48,000,000. The Northern States, as estimated, will have a population of 30,763,820, and the Southern States 17,692,331, the average rate of growth of the South being slightly in excess of twenty-eight per cent, and that of the North being slightly below twenty-seven per cent. This alleged heavy increase in the South is believed in some quarters not to be genuine, and it is certainly, to say the least of it, very unexpected. If the figures from all the States are correct, or approximately so, then the gain of the North in members of Congress will not be at all what has been anticipated. The basis of representation is now 131,425, which gives 292 members of the House. If the membership of the House should now be fixed at 300, and the quota of population for each Representative fixed at (say) 163,000, then Alabama, Indiana, Maine, New Hampshire, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Tennessee and Vermont would lose one member each, and New York two. On the other hand, Texas would gain four, Kansas three, Minnesota two, Nebraska two, and California, Kentucky, Michigan, Missouri, Virginia and West Virginia, each one. On this showing the net gain in what are commonly called the Southern States would be five Representatives, and the gains in the Northwest being reduced by the losses in the East, the net gain of the North would be only two.

THE elimination of the carpet-bag element from Louisiana politics seems to have been followed by the intrusion upon the scene, especially in New Orleans, of a ruffianly Democratic element, which proposes to itself the absolute control of the party policy. This element has recently distinguished itself by outbreaks of hoodlumism which have not only provoked the severest censure of respectable citizens of both parties, but have induced the reputable Democratic journals to propose instant action for the expulsion of the offenders from all share in the party management. Thus the *Picayune* says:

"The fact is that the Democracy of this State and city has fallen largely under the control of bad men, who are Democrats only in name, and who, by capturing the machinery of the regular organization, have secured many of the highest and most lucrative offices of the Government. The party can never be vindicated until those men have been expelled from the party, or at least until they have lost their hold upon it through the control of ward clubs, primaries and parochial committees. The way to reach that end is to ignore the authority and even the existence of their clubs and committees, and to effect a new and genuinely Democratic organization."

It is creditable to the men of character in the Democratic Party that they are meeting the evil with which they are confronted in this decisive way. To submit to the domination of the hoodlums would be to invite not only disaster within but reproach from without. It is certainly to be hoped that the victory may rest, decisively and speedily, with the law-abiding men of the city and State.

NEWS OF THE WEEK

Domestic.

THE Prohibitionists of Maine have nominated Joshua N. Osgood for Governor.

ONE hundred and thirty-seven hostile Sioux Indians have been captured and brought into Fort Keogh.

THE prices of September coal were advanced ten cents a ton for large size and twenty cents for domestic grades.

MANY of the department clerks in Washington have been granted leave of absence to go to Maine for campaign work.

PROPOSITIONS have been submitted to the Treasury Department for an issue of gold certificates, similar to those for silver.

GENERAL MILES reports that 800 hostile Sioux have surrendered to him, and that 1,000 more are en route for the same purpose.

FULTON MARKET has again been declared unsafe, this time by a board of examiners appointed by the Department of Public Works.

THE New York State Greenback Convention, last week, nominated Thomas C. Armstrong for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals.

SPOTTED TAIL is assisting Government officers at Rosebud Agency in suppressing the thievish operations of certain Indian marauders.

THE American Bar Association in session at Saratoga last week elected Mr. Edward J. Phelps, of Vermont, as president for the ensuing year.

GENERAL GRANT has written another letter expressing his satisfaction with the Republican national ticket. He will come East the latter part of August.

IT is announced that General Butler will support General Hancock. He is likely to receive the Democratic nomination for Governor of Massachusetts.

THE Connecticut Democratic Convention, last week, nominated by acclamation James E. English for Governor and Charles M. Pond for Lieutenant Governor.

IT is intimated that the Democratic managers of Indiana propose to ask the Supreme Court to review and revise its opinion declaring that the State election must be held in October.

THE Secretary of War has granted Cadet Whitaker a furlough pending further proceedings, which are likely to end in a court martial, which has been demanded on his behalf.

THE State Department has instructed the United States Minister at Constantinople to lay the case of the murdered American missionary, the Rev. J. W. Parsons, before the Porte.

THE triennial convocation of Knights Templar at Chicago ended August 19th with the election of officers. Sir Knight Benjamin Dean, of Boston, was elected Grand Master. The next grand convocation will be held at San Francisco.

THE military reservations located on public lands of the United States embrace 2,920,580 acres in twenty-four States and Territories. The largest amount in any one is in Montana, where the reservations aggregate 830,956 acres.

An order reducing the rate of postage on newspapers mailed to foreign countries belonging to the Universal Postal Union to one cent for each weight of two ounces or fraction of two ounces, has been issued by the Post Office Department.

THE Attorney-General has instructed United States Marshals to enforce the Federal laws in Alabama against persons charged with beating and intimidating United States witnesses, and destroying processes from the United States Court.

A FIRE at St. Louis, August 17th, destroyed a flouring mill, a number of cars containing grain and other property worth \$500,000. The town of Eureka, Nevada, was nearly destroyed by fire on the same day, 300 buildings being burned, involving a loss of \$750,000.

THE Receivers of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad are cutting down expenses by suspending trains, dismissing workmen, etc. They are hard pushed for money, the whole amount to be raised during the year being \$11,556,912, and this does not include money for wages nor materials furnished.

BROWNVILLE, Texas, near the mouth of the Rio Grande, is reported to have been nearly destroyed by the storm which prevailed along the Texas coast on the 12th and 13th instants, and that many lives were lost. The telegraph wires being down, no communication can be had with the stricken city.

Foreign.

THE Porte has at length agreed to surrender Dulcigno to Montenegro.

THE Employers' Liability Bill has passed the British House of Commons.

DIPLOMATIC relations have been established between Roumania and the United States.

IN Mexico, the supporters of Lerdo and Gonzales are said to have combined for political objects.

NEGOTIATIONS are proceeding between the United States and Great Britain as to the Fortuna Bay affair.

PAN-SLAVIST preparations are going on for the union of Roumelia and Bulgaria in case of war between Turkey and Greece.

SEÑOR EMILIO CASTELAR has issued a manifesto asking his adherents to participate in the Spanish elections to be held on September 5th.

CHILI is preparing to send a larger force northward for the capture of Lima. In Lima the paper dollar is worth ten cents, and in Valparaiso sixty cents.

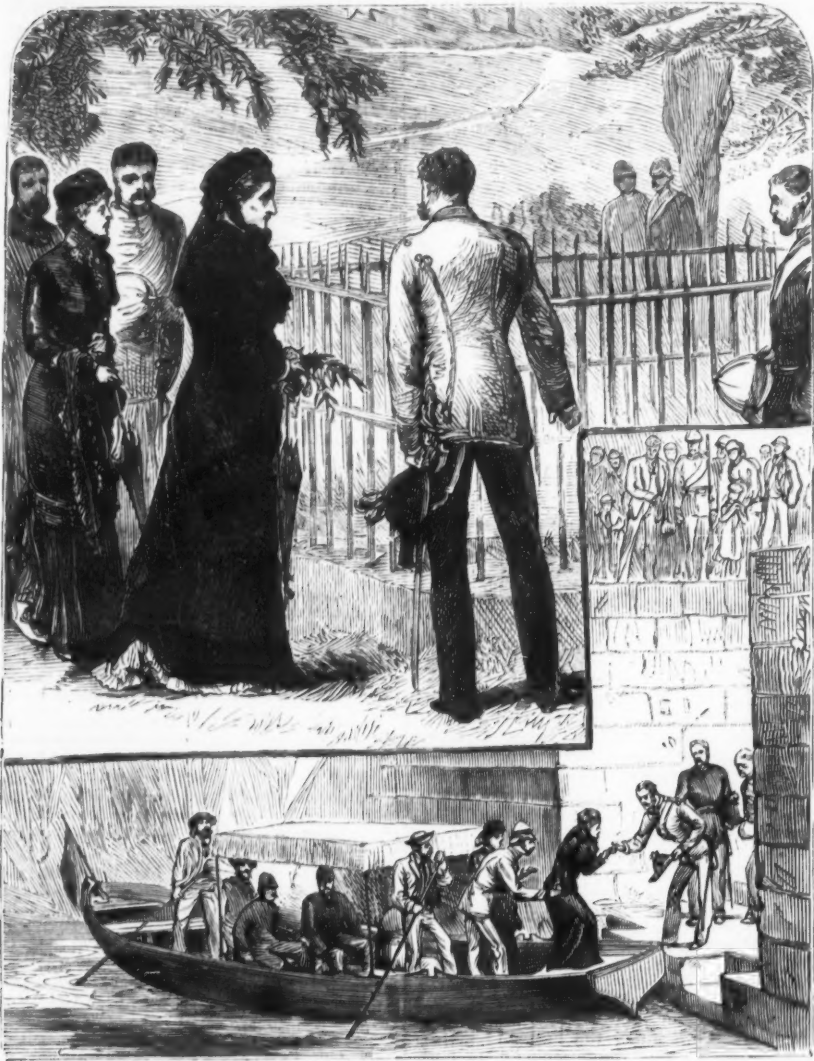
FLOODS have destroyed the crops in Silesia and East and West Prussia and caused immense loss of life and property. It is feared the condition of the lands will prevent sowing this fall.

THE appointments of General Loris Melikoff as Minister of the Interior, and General Tcherevin, hitherto Director of the Third Section of the Imperial Chancellery, as his Under Secretary, are gazetted.

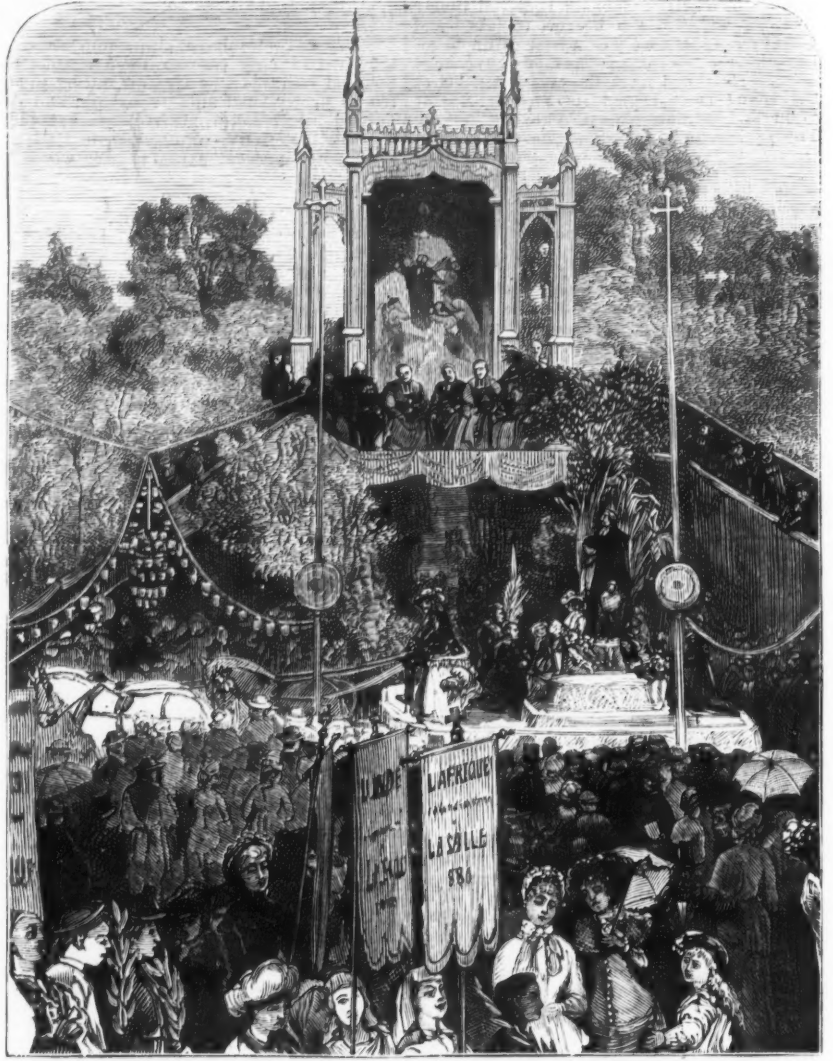
A BERLIN correspondent says he hears on good authority that the British proposal to enforce the decisions of the Berlin Conference by armed measures is coldly received by the Powers. Germany has already declined to participate in such intervention.

MR. ANGELL, the new United States Envoy to China, left Yokohama July 19th, in the United States ship *Ashuelot*, accompanied by his family. He proceeds first to Shanghai, thence northward, touching at various ports, proposing to reach Peking about the end of August. Commissioners Swift and Treacott sail in the United States ship *Richmond*, intending to join Mr. Angell before arriving at Peking.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 7.



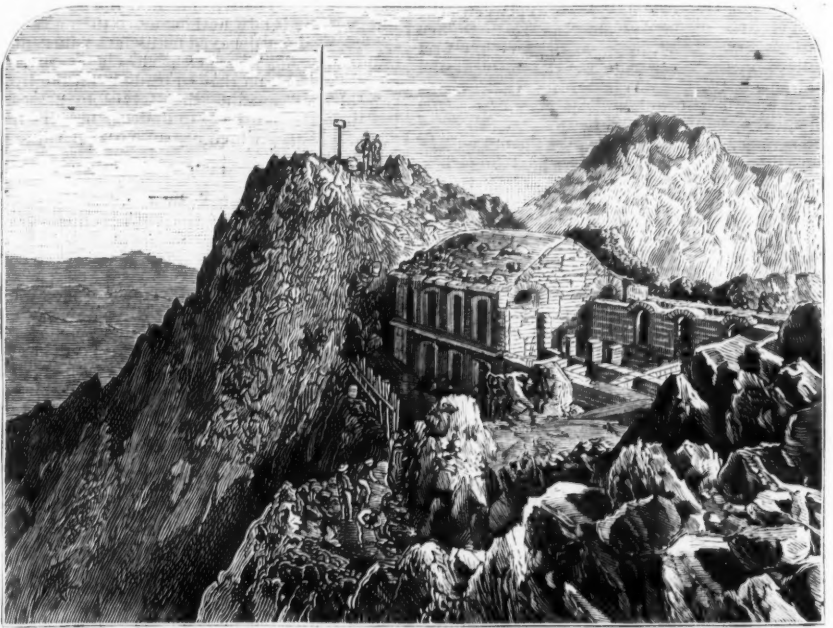
ST. HELENA.—VISIT OF THE EX-EMPRESS TO THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON I.



FRANCE.—THE SECOND CENTENARY OF LA SALLE, AT RHEIMS.



AUSTRALIA.—CAPTURE OF NED KELLY, NEAR GLENROWAN, NEW SOUTH WALES.



FRANCE.—THE NEW OBSERVATORY AT THE PIC DU MIDI.



GREECE.—ROCKS AND CONVENTS OF METEORA, THESSALY, ON THE NEW FRONTIER.



SPAIN.—THE COLUMBUS CELL IN THE CONVENT OF LA RABIDA.

THE FIGURE-HEAD
OF THE
"ATALANTA."

THE British barkentine *Girl of Devon*, Captain Grant, which arrived at St. Johns, Newfoundland, on July 29th last, had on board a large, white, painted figure-head, which the captain affirmed to be the head of the ill-starred British training-ship *Atalanta*. In accordance with the ordinary scale, the figure-head would exactly fit a ship ranging from 700 to 900 tons. It is the figure of a goddess, and very similar to the figures of Diana or Atalanta, as represented by Roman and Greek mythologists. It is a three-fourths length figure, with a coronal fillet on the head. The robes that flow loose and gracefully over the figure are gathered by a buckle above the knee, and a few inches below the figure is truncated and takes a fluted, wedge-like shape, where it entered the ship's cutwater. As a considerable reward has been offered by the British Admiralty for any authenticated fragment of the missing ship, Captain Grant will retain his prize till he reaches England in his own vessel.

In a carefully-executed sketch of the *Atalanta* that appeared in the London *Illustrated News* of the 24th of last April, the figure-head, as there represented, is, as to pose of body, reduced scale, size, and all essential features, the same as that picked up by the *Girl of Devon*. When Captain Grant first saw the floating figure, about a quarter of a mile distant, a seagull was perched on the bust. The position of the ship at the time was latitude 46 degrees 12 minutes north, longitude 22 degrees 30 minutes west. One noticeable feature about the figure head is the evidence of great violence, either by collision with ice or with floating wreckage. The large metal bolts that fastened it to the cutwater are rudely bent and broken, indicating the application of a tremendous shock to the bows of the ship, and the lower part of the figure is broken and splintered, which tends to strengthen the theory of collision.



THE RECOVERED FIGURE-HEAD OF THE MISSING BRITISH TRAINING-SHIP "ATALANTA."—SKETCHED AT ST. JOHNS, NEWFOUNDLAND.
BY J. W. HAYWARD.

THE NEW WATER-WORKS AT FORT
WAYNE, INDIANA.

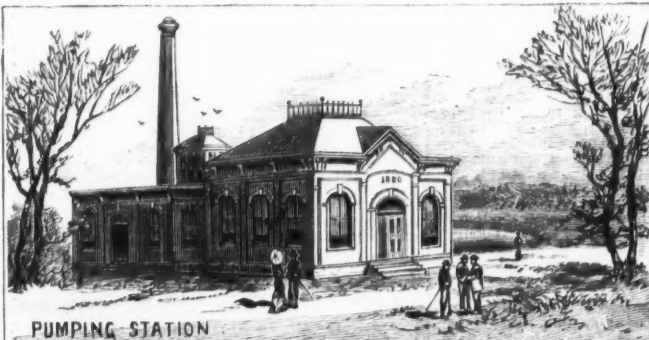
WE illustrate on this page the water-works now in course of construction at Fort Wayne, Ind., at a cost of \$300,000. The city of Fort Wayne lies at the junction of the St. Mary's and St. Joseph's Rivers, which here form the Maumee, and has now a population of some 30,000, with all the improve-

ments, except a water-supply system, which are found in our modern cities. Two years ago the question of erecting water-works was submitted to a vote of the people, who decided by a large majority in favor of the proposition. After some discussion the trustees decided to use the Holly system of motive power, and engines of large capacity were purchased. Work was commenced in 1879 by B. D. Wood & Co., of Philadelphia, who had the contract for furnishing and laying the pipes. The only

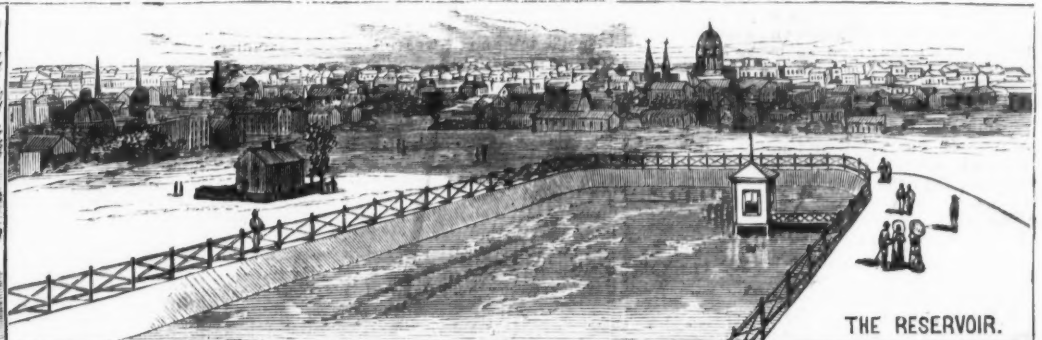
serious trouble they have experienced was in crossing the St. Mary's River. The pumping station is located on the northern city limits, in close connection with the settling-basin, or well, into which it is expected that, owing to the nature of the ground, enough water will filter to supply the public wants. If not, access can be had to Spy Run, a stream in near proximity. The water is forced through pipes under the St. Mary's to the southern part of the city, where the reservoir is located. The reservoir has a capacity of 300,000 gallons, and the head of water is ninety-seven feet above the city level. The water is distributed through twenty-six miles of pipe. The work—except the reservoir—will be completed in October next, when there will be a State Firemen's Tournament. The work has been under the supervision of J. P. Cook, engineer, with C. S. Brackenridge as assistant. The trustees are Messrs. Chas. McCulloch, Henry Manning and Christian Borker.

THE CATHEDRAL
OF COLOGNE.

A DISPATCH was received in New York on Saturday, August 14th, stating that the dome of the great cathedral at Cologne had been finished, the last stone having been inserted in the final of the second tower. The Cathedral of Cologne has been 630 years in building, it having been begun at about 1250, in the height of the religious enthusiasm in the Roman Catholic Church, when enormous edifices were required to accommodate the crowds who thronged to the altar. It is the largest example of Gothic architecture in the world, and, unlike most of the finest of the old cathedrals, its plans were designed with mathematical exactness. This has detracted somewhat from its artistic merit, and it is inferior to some of the French cathedrals, such as Rheims, the genius of the architects in the latter cases having had free scope. The Cologne Cathedral is a glorious pile, however, and it towers like a mountain above the city in the



PUMPING STATION



THE RESERVOIR.



INDIANA.—NEW WATER-WORKS IN COURSE OF ERECTION FOR THE CITY OF FORT WAYNE.—FROM SKETCHES BY J. F. WING.

plain when seen from a distance. It is 511 feet long and 231 feet in breadth, and its twin towers are 511 feet high, exactly the same as its length. Up to 1830 it remained in the same state as in the Middle Ages, only the great choir and a portion of the towers having been built, the entire main part of the structure, the nave, transept and the aisles not having been begun. But, fortunately, the original plans had been found in the dusty archives of the cathedral, giving every detail of its construction, so that the work could be carried on exactly as at first intended. In 1830 there was a great enthusiasm for the monuments of the past throughout Germany, and the work of completing the noble pile was taken hold of with energy under King Frederick William III. of Prussia. It has been pushed forward rapidly, and as much has been done in the past fifty years as could have been done in centuries of the Middle Ages. The greater part of the building is really of modern construction. One of the towers contains the famous Kaiser Glocks (emperor's bell), presented by Emperor William in thanksgiving for the victory over France. The work has been done by large Government appropriations, private subscriptions, and by the Cologne Cathedral Building Society (Dombauverein), with frequent drawings of a grand lottery. The nave, aisles and the transept were consecrated in 1848, and the whole interior was thrown open in 1863.

THE TWO MISS AMBERLEYS.

WITHIN the vine-clad window two charming girls, in the severely simple attire that fashion prescribes for traveling. Without, a long, well-knit, masculine figure lies *perdu* in the grass, face invisible, being covered by the owner's hat. To him there saunters another gentleman, dark, stylish, wide-awake.

"Hullo, Kingston! Wake up. Got something to tell you? And he unkindly draws away the sheltering hat, disclosing a handsome, angry face.

"Confound you! What makes you pester a fellow so in this warm weather?" says the victim, sitting up disconsolately.

"Did I spoil your nap? Have a cigar, instead. I wanted to tell you of the new arrival, Aggie Amberley, the great heiress, with her cousin and companion. There's a chance for you to get a rich wife, my boy!"

"Don't want one. Hang this cigar, it don't draw! A poor man like myself can't afford to marry a rich wife."

"I should say that he couldn't afford to marry anything else," laughed the other, "and Aggie Amberley is a beauty as well as an heiress. You don't often meet such a prize!"

"You had better make up to her yourself," said Kingston, dryly.

"Perhaps I shall, and leave you the cousin, who is also a beauty in another style. Hanged if I'll tell you which is which, though! And you'll never find it out from the manner of our hosts towards them. There are no worshippers of the golden calf in this house."

"Humph!" said Kingston, and smoked a few minutes in silence; then he broke out: "The man that marries a woman for her money is the meanest creature that crawls on this earth! You have money enough of your own, Preston, for your motives to be above suspicion, but as for me—by Jove! I would not marry a rich woman if I loved her ever so well! I've no fancy for the name of fortune-hunter."

"Bravo, Don Quixote!" laughed his friend. "Now, suppose we go and take a swim. You need some cooling off."

They strolled away, unconscious of fair eyes watching them.

Then said one young lady to the other: "If that fellow does not marry a rich woman, my name's not Aggie Amberley!"

A few days later Mrs. Courtney and her guests were grouped on the lawn—the ladies with some dainty needlework, Mr. Preston reading aloud to them; Harry Kingston in his favorite position, flat on his back in the grass, working at a certain problem which had been troubling him for some days—Which was Aggie Amberley? That tall, stylish blonde in lilac silk, with pond-lilies on her bosom, or this graceful, dark-eyed fairy in fluttering white muslin?

"The fair-haired one for money! She looks more like a fashionable beauty, as Jim Preston said the heiress was. Not that charming little gypsy. Providence would never bestow a fortune on a girl with such a bewitching face. It would be too much partiality. But she don't look much like a poor relation either. I'd give a good deal to hear one of those young ladies call the other by her Christian name!"

Said the fair Miss Amberley: "Aggie, have you a needleful of violet silk?"

Said the dark Miss Amberley: "No, Aggie; but I can get you some from up-stairs."

Harry fairly gasped.

Later he learned that the blonde was called Agnes and the brunette Agatha.

Then he began to notice that Miss Agatha dressed more simply than her cousin, and that she was always ready to offer small services which the other accepted calmly. And one day the young lady expressed it as her opinion that riches must be a great burden, although, to be sure, Cousin Aggie had such a mind for finances! But for her part, she hoped no one would leave her a fortune.

This was said in a confidential way, with her great eyes looking earnestly into his.

"And what eyes the little thing has," thought Kingston, "they look a fellow's heart right out of his body."

After that Kingston considered his first problem very happily solved. Another had taken its place. How much money was necessary for the luxury of marriage? Jim Preston was courting Miss Agnes Amberley without any attempt at disguise. Perhaps his example was a little bit infectious. At all events Kingston and Miss Agatha were thrown much together, and their confidential talks increased in number and interest. On the last day of Kingston's visit he took a farewell stroll with Agatha. They stopped on a little rustic bridge thrown over a hollow. They were telling each other their first impressions.

"So you thought my cousin looked as if she was born in the purple. And pray what did you think of me?"

"You'll be angry."

"Oh, no. I won't."

"Well, then, I said to myself, 'What a dear little gypsy.'"

Of course Miss Amberley was not angry. She had said she would not be, but she struck her hand hard against the rough woodwork.

"Take care, you will hurt yourself. And now, may I ask your first opinion of me?"

"I thought—that is, I said to myself—'There is a man I shall just enjoy making a fool of,'"

she answered, spitefully. "Oh!"

She had run a great splinter into her hand. It was very painful. Harry worked forgivingly to get it out. Just as he succeeded, Miss Amberley turned alarmingly white and murmured:

"Don't be frightened—how foolish I am—I feel like—"

Kingston was too much bewildered to do anything but hold her tight and cover the wounded hand with kisses.

Strange to say, this peculiar method of reviving a young lady succeeded. She opened her eyes and the color returned to her face.

"Mr. Kingston!" pulling her hand away.

"Oh, if you wanted to make a fool of me," he said, gloomily, "you have entirely succeeded. I love you!"

He expected her to draw herself coldly from his hold, but she did not. She seemed quite contented where she was, only a rosy glow overspread her face, and she whispered:

"Are you sure—very sure?"

"I wish I was as sure of my eternal salvation!"

"Oh, Harry! No, you must not do that! Do you love me enough not to care whether I am rich or poor?"

"Ten thousand times Yes!"

"And—and you want me for your wife anyhow?"

"Of course I do."

"Then take me! You may kiss me now, Harry."

And he did.

"Of course it makes no difference to you," said the young lady, presently; "but you have offered yourself to the rich Miss Amberley. You needn't start so. You can't throw me over now, sir."

For a moment that was just what Harry thought of doing, but the quick tears in his companion's eyes brought him to his senses.

Voices below. Mr. Preston passed through the ravine in company with the other Miss Amberley. He was holding the young lady's hand, and her stately composure seemed for once somewhat ruffled.

"No more of this, Mr. Preston!" she exclaimed, in an agitated voice. "It is right that I should tell you it was my cousin's whim to confuse our identity. You doubtless think you are addressing Miss Amberley, the heiress—"

"Not at all," interrupted Preston. "I have known the truth all along. It is only Kingston who is deceived, and if that is all the defense you can make—"

The pair passed out of sight.

"It is too funny!" declared Agatha, leaning on her lover's shoulder to laugh. "That will be a match, too."

And it was. And the following winter the two Miss Amberleys passed out of existence, but Mrs. Harry Kingston and Mrs. James Preston became the belles of the season.

SUMMER LIFE ON LAKE CHAUTAUQUA.

LAKE CHAUTAUQUA, possessing a dull Indian legend not worth narrating, was discovered by Tacheque, the favorite son of a wandering tribe, who named it Juduqua. The lake is fed from several small inlets and springs, and its outlet, Conewango River, lazily washes the 10,000 inhabited town of Jamestown. At its head it is three miles wide; two miles further down Point Chautauqua and Fair Point confront one another, then comes the low wooded Long Point, and then the lake widens till it resembles the Hudson at Nyack. I was informed that the lake abounds in fish, and that a ten-pound pickerel is no uncommon take. Being an old hand, I receive fishing and hunting stories, as diplomatists say, "under reserve." Woodcock were mentioned, as were also ruffed grouse, squirrel and duck. Communication between Jamestown—the seat of our most extensive alpaca mills—and the various landings along the lake is admirably kept up by a fleet of propellers, one of them, the *Jamestown*, being capable of conveying 2,500 passengers. Mayville is perched at the head of the lake. It is the Chautauqua county seat, and boasts of a court-house and other county buildings, a Union school edifice, three large churches and a newspaper. When I visited the town it was fairly enveloped in a mist of lake fogs, so thick as to form a dark cloud. These fogs rise from out the lake at certain seasons and drive the inhabitants almost crazy. Luckily for the natives the life of this fly is but of a few hours' duration. It is with Chautauqua, otherwise known as Fair Point—the seat of the National Sunday-school Assembly, and several other assemblies of an evangelical nature—that I have to deal. The visitor, who approaches it by water, perceives a dense grove of gigantic forest trees, with clots of white appearing here and there from between their trunks. Presently a large and pretentious building looms up. This is the Palace Hotel. As the boat draws nearer, a dock may be made out, and then he perceives statuary, and arbors, and flowers, and vigorous indications of the aid extended by the hand of man to the extraordinary beauties of nature. Once ashore and Chautauqua instantly reveals itself. It is a city of canvas, interspersed here and there with frame Lilliputian dwellings, while Brobdingnagian amphitheatres, lecture halls and churches, loom up amongst the trees in startling immensity when compared with their tiny surroundings, and above all the great forest trees keep solemn watch and ward.

The frame houses are mostly uniform as to shape, and consist of a gaping entrance wide as a church-door, Gothic in form, a railed stoop, and balcony over it. Upon the stoop and balcony the dwellers reside. It is no figure of speech to say that the Chautauqua people keep open house. The door yawns; the whole *acade* seems to open like a doll's house. Everybody can tell what everybody else is doing, and the economy of space is as carefully studied as on board a ten-ton yacht. It is amusing to read "Rooms to Let," posted upon edifices consisting, to all appearance, of but one apartment, the apartment already fully occupied. The inhabitants all pose for effect, as if they were sitting to Mr. L. E. Walker, the photographer of the Point. Attitude is everything at Chautauqua, from the amphitheatre to the hammock. The cooking is done *à fresco*. In

close proximity to most of the houses are stumps of felled trees. Upon these are pots and pans and broilers, and all the paraphernalia of the culinary department, while the fire is lighted in a niche in the stump. The odor of frying food greets the olfactory nerves at every turn. The fatted calf is killed for these non-prodigals. The canvas dwellings are wonderfully picturesque. Some of them are decorated with devices in leaves and ferns and flowers. Canary birds hang suspended in brass cages. The interiors consist of a Saratoga trunk, a bed fit for an anchorite, an iron washstand, and a cracked fifty-cent mirror. In front, as on the stage in a booth at a country fair, stand the dinner table, camp stools, and—nothing more. People leave cozy homesteads for this sort of thing, and call it—what? I can well understand the fascination of camping out, the solitude of the solemn woods, the lonely shore, the mountain's brow; but to be in an enlarged sack in a grove where the chatter of 10,000 people only ceases late in the night, to be *en evidence* and to pose from rosy morn to dewy eve, "I'll none of it, my masters!"

Chautauqua is indented with ravines, one of which has been artfully embanked, a roof clapped on it, benches for seating 5,000 persons extended down its slopes, and this is called the amphitheatre. Here sermons and lectures and addresses are delivered; here is the Chautauqua salute flung out through the medium of white pocket-handkerchiefs; lighted by electricity, the night effect is weird and spectral, especially during a microscopic illustration, and the gaunt, hideous form of some unknown insect leaps into life on the great white disk. In St. Paul's Grove is the Hall of Philosophy, open *à la grecque*, hung with basket-gardens and ornamented with busts of the ancient philosophers, grim-looking individuals all, from Plato to Socrates. This grove was dedicated to the uses of the "Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle." The Hall is also used by the Normal School of Languages. I was considerably astonished to find myself stumbling over some toy houses about two inches in height; nor did my weariness abate upon being informed that I had upset the entire City of Jericho. For a moment I imagined myself Gulliver in Lilliput, but a signboard announced that I was in Palestine Park, and surrounded in miniature by the Dead Sea, the River Jordan, Mount Tabor, Mount Hermon, and the cities of Jerusalem, Jericho, Bethany, Capernaum, Bethlehem, and other places mentioned in Holy Writ. Quitting the Holy Land, I turned into a New England kitchen, an exact counterpart of that exhibited at the Centennial, where I found that pork and beans was the only typical New England dish to be had in this rough-hewn log edifice. Crossing to Wesley Avenue, I found myself in the great auditorium, erected beneath gigantic trees, and capable of seating 5,000 people. The stage is admirably fitted up, the decorations tasteful in the extreme. The Jewish Tabernacle, Ancient Pyramid and Children's Temple are within bow-shot; the latter, built in the form of a Greek cross, measures 101x94 feet, and has a seating capacity for 1,500. The most important dwelling at Chautauqua, so far as the artist and I were concerned, is the tent used by General Grant when visiting the lake, and in which, owing to the courtesy of Mr. Lewis Miller—the distinguished president of the Fair Point Association—we slept the sleep of the just during our sojourn. It is very lofty, very roomy, and boasts of a parlor, bedroom and dressing-room, in addition to which is a sort of gigantic sunshade in front, forming the most agreeable apartment of all. I have paid dearly for worse accommodation in many first class hotels.

The Chautauquans are early people, very early people. We were awakened at 5 A.M. by the "Sweet By-and-by," and at 10:30 P.M. we were the only people outside wood or canvas. Ah, yes, there were two more—lovers, who had improved the occasion by a wander in the bosky shades of the grim old trees. A night-watchman awaited their coming beneath a lamp that hung from a piece of board nailed to a tree. The manner in which that guardian of the night informed the amorous pair that it was past retiring hour was a sermon and an impeachment in one.

"Two bells ring," he informed us, as the abashed couple scurried away, "the first at 10 o'clock to tell all folks to be preparing for bed. That bell brings 'em to their quarters, and the second sets lights out. We don't want no romancing about here, and my business is to see that no couples are out after 10:30. But I never offend them; I only say, 'It's past the hour'; they know what I mean well enough."

A Chautauqua day is thus apportioned out: 6 A.M., bath; 6:30, breakfast; 7:30, normal class drill; 8:30, witnessing the exercises in the Children's Temple; 9:30, concert; 10:30, scientific conversation in the Pavilion; 12:30, dinner; 2, lecture in the Auditorium; 4, lecture in Palestine Park; 5, blackboard exercises; 6, tea; 7:30, evening service, and then croquet, boating, fireworks, etc., till the 10 o'clock bell, and at 10:30 everybody is housed, or ought to be.

GATHERING WILD FLOWERS AND FERNS IN CENTRAL PARK.

FLOWERS! How the universal hand of man blesses them! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage-altar and the tomb. The Persian in the far East delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nosegays; while the Indian child in the Far West claps his hands with glee as he gathers the abundant blossoms, or, as they have been happily termed, "the Illuminated Scriptures of the prairies." How eagerly the pent-up city children clut ferns and flowers, bringing them back messengers of peace to their respective ark! It is on the Spring and Summer evenings that the little ones return laden with sweet-smelling spoils; but their harvest is in the Fall, when the leaves are dyed blood-red, or russet or gold, and the ferns are like feathers worn by Queen Titania and her fairy court. Happy are they who can roam into the country and pluck ferns at their sweet wild will; and unhappy the lot of the charming young girls in our illustration, who, in dread of the approaching policeman, bundle their forbidden fruit into their aprons and scamper off like frightened deer.

HON. H. B. BIGELOW.

THE Hon. Hobart B. Bigelow, the Republican candidate for Governor of Connecticut, is at present the Mayor of the City of New Haven. He was born at North Haven in 1834. The first sixteen years of his life were spent in his country home, where he led the usual life of a country boy, including the "schooling" obtainable in such localities. At the age of seventeen he went to New Haven, and found employment in the shops of the New Haven Manufacturing Company. Here he remained for two years, hard at work, and when nineteen years old entered the employment of Ives & Smith, founders and machinists. He passed in that building through successive changes, from journeyman to foreman, and from foreman to proprietor of the works. He commenced business for himself just before the war, and that period, which proved a condensed golden age to many, was not unfavorable to Mr. Bigelow. In 1863, in connection with Mr. Henry Bushnell, the inventor of the compressed air motor, he took a large Government contract for furnishing "gun parts" for 300,000 Springfield muskets. This took about three years, during which time he had in his employment 200 men. After the war he carried on his business at the same place, until its increase made a removal to more commodious quarters necessary, and in 1867 he removed to Grapevine Point, where his work as a boiler-maker has greatly increased, and where he has added to

his business the construction of engines which have become well known for their excellence of make and their serviceableness.

Soon after he began business for himself his ability began to be appreciated by his fellow-citizens, and he was elected to the Council, serving therein with such acceptance to his constituents that he was elected Alderman the year following, serving one term. Eight years ago the Common Council appointed him a member of the Board of Supervisors, and he held the office five years. In 1874 he was appointed by Mayor Lewis a member of the Board of Fire Commissioners for the term of three years, and declined a reappointment at the expiration of his term. In 1875 he went to the Legislature, where he was a very popular member, and did good service on the Committee on Banks. December 31, 1878, he was elected Mayor of New Haven by the great majority of 2,387, and has filled the office to the satisfaction of the people.

The qualities that have made him successful are industry, a mind capable of dealing with large matters, quickness in decision, "pluck," justice in his dealings with all, and friendliness. His private life is irreproachable, he gives freely of his abundance, he is kind to and considerate of his employees, and seeks to do his duty in all the relations of life.

In our next number we will give a portrait of Hon. James E. English, the Democratic candidate for Governor.

HON. DAVID H. JEROME, OF MICHIGAN.

THE Hon. David H. Jerome, the Republican candidate for Governor of Michigan, was born at Detroit on the 17th of November, 1829. On the death of his father, which occurred when Mr. Jerome was an infant, his mother went to Central New York, but returned in 1843 and settled in St. Clair County, where Mr. Jerome was educated. In 1853 he went to California and engaged in mining, but returned to Michigan in 1854 and embarked in business at Saginaw City, where he has resided ever since, and is now the senior member of the hardware firm of D. H. Jerome & Co. In 1862 he was authorized by Governor Blair to raise the regiment apportioned to the Sixth Congressional District, and was commissioned commandant of camp, with the rank of colonel, to prepare the regiment for the field. In 1865 he was appointed on the State Military Board, of which he continued a member and President until the year 1873. In 1862 he was elected to the State Senate, and served six years. During his entire Senatorial career he was Chairman of the important Committee on State Affairs. He was one of the Commissioners to prepare a new State Constitution. At present Mr. Jerome is President of the Saginaw Valley and St. Louis Railroad and of the Saginaw Street Railroad Company. He is also a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners and a trustee of the Michigan Military Academy. Religiously, he is an Episcopalian, and has been a vestryman in the Episcopal Church for twenty-three years.

An International Charity Congress.

AN International Congress de Bienfaisance is to be held at Milan, Italy, from the 29th of August to the 4th of September, and the United States has been invited, as before announced, to send one or more representatives. The matter has been referred to General Eaton, the commissioner of education, who has invited an eminent philanthropist of Massachusetts to become the American representative. As this gentleman has not signified his acceptance, his name cannot be made public. The Congress, like its predecessors at Frankfurt, the Hague, London, Brussels and Naples, will have for its objects the discussion of all questions relating to the administration of public charities. Among the questions under that general head to be proposed for consideration are the following: "What action may the State, the province and the commune take in the organization and administration of charities?" "Which are the most natural principles for the regulation of tutelage, the supervision and administration of charity, as well as the reforms necessary in institutions which no longer answer the objects of the founders?" "What is the best mode of distributing alms?" "What is the relation between almsgiving and the provident institutions?" "What is the best method of rendering sanitary assistance to the poor in their homes?" "How can liberated prisoners best be assisted?" "In what manner can abandoned children best be cared for?"

The Approaching Royal Birth in Spain.

NO SOONER does a Spanish prince or princess of the blood royal condescend to be born than the august little stranger is called upon to play a conspicuous part in court ceremonials of a very solemn and fatiguing character. The programme of action to be observed on such occasions has just been published at Madrid, in anticipation of a "happy event" expected to take place in the Palacio Real before the end of this month, and will doubtless be carried out to its minutest detail. According to ancient prescriptions, the lying-in chamber of a Spanish queen may not have more than one door, which must communicate with a saloon in which the great officers of State, deputations from both Chambers of the Cortes, admirals, marshals, and grandees of Spain are required to assemble when the Body Surgeon of her Majesty shall announce that the birth is at hand. This announcement is made to the President of the Council and the Minister of Justice, who are conducted by the King in person into the Queen's bedroom, where the *acoucheur* officially communicates to them the state of affairs. This they, in their turn, impart to the illustrious gathering in the aforesaid saloon. The assembled dignitaries then wait patiently until the royal infant "deigns to enter the world." As soon as this important event takes place, the King carries the newborn babe into the saloon on a huge golden salver, and exhibits it to all present, commencing with the Minister-President. Twenty-four hours later its birth is registered civilly, and the Cardinal Patriarch of India baptizes it in the palace chapel. Immediately after this ceremony the baby, if a boy, is dubbed knight, and invested with the insignia of the Golden Fleece.

Sarah Bernhardt's Wardrobe.

SARAH BERNHARDT is having made in Paris twenty-seven dresses for eight plays of her *répertoire* and twenty for general use, preparatory to her appearance in the United States, at a total cost of 75,000 francs. The following is a sketch of the most important of the dresses: For "Adrienne Lecouvreur," all Louis XV. style, one toilet with ivory satin train and front of skirt of China-blue drapery, with garlands of red and tea-roses, and Alen on lace on a pointed bodice. Another toilet of brocade silk, specially made in Lyons, with cascades of flowers embroidered on the skirt, and the bodice trimmed with Bruges lace. The goods alone of this dress cost 2,500 francs. Another *deshabille* toilet, all of satin and Languedoc lace. For "Camille," a ball dress of white satin, with large embroidered camellias covering a ground which is wholly of pearls, a court train and a novel arrangement secured at the shoulder and draping at the side. This dress costs 10,000 francs. Another dress for a *deshabille* toilet, wholly of Valenciennes lace and pearls. For "Frou-Frou," ivory satin dress, covered with embroidery of pearl and mother-of-pearl. One Lampas dress, with crimson flowers on a cream ground, and a crimson train. One dress, all of black satin and jet, low-

necked, with a cuirass. For the "Sphinx," one sensational dress, with yellow satin skirt, black and jet waist, with two huge ravens upholding the skirt. A house dress of brocade silk, with crimson and pale roses on a cream ground, and ruby satin train. This dress is marvelously effective.

The World's Coffee Production.

THE four great coffee countries of the world are Brazil, Java, Sumatra and Ceylon. The data and figures for 1879 show that Brazil itself has produced an extraordinary quantity of beans. Hitherto, 250,000 tons have been considered as a good yearly figure for Brazil; last year, the export alone amounted to 273,000 tons. But the consumption of coffee in the country itself now amounts to 60,000 tons, raising the total yearly products of Brazil to 333,000 tons. Fortunately for the planters in other parts of the world, coffee has grown into a necessity in the United States, and, thanks to this, its price has risen. Although the soil of Brazil, especially for coffee culture, is very extensive, yet the difficulty of obtaining labor daily becomes greater, and this renders it doubtful whether the above figure can be much exceeded. The crop in Java and Sumatra was estimated at 94,000 tons for export; the consumption of the inhabitants, although the population is double that of Brazil, is not half that of the latter country. The production in Ceylon, though greater than that of 1878, shows a falling off when compared with former years; there were in all 41,200 tons exported from the island, the native consumption being very small. Coffee is, besides, grown in Central America, in several of the South American Republics, in the British and other colonies of the West Indies, in Hayti, Cuba, Porto Rico, Arabia, Mauritius, Réunion, and along the northeast coast of Africa, in Liberia, and the African West Coast, in Manila, Celebes, and several of the islands of the Pacific, and, lastly, in British India. But the total production of all these regions does not reach half of the export of the four chief countries named above.

Not Fit for Soldiers.

A SERIOUS falling off in the physical quality of the youths this year drawn for military service in the manufacturing towns of Germany is at present the subject of grave consideration at the Imperial War Office. The commissions at work in several such towns for the examination and drafting of the annual levies have, it appears, reported the results of their recently terminated labors as being of an unusually unsatisfactory character. At Barmen, for instance, 706 young men, who, upon the completion of their twentieth year, presented themselves at the local headquarters in order that their fitness for service might be submitted to the customary tests, only yielded 115 recruits for the line and nine for the guard. Of the remainder, 455 were dismissed to their homes as permanently disqualified from serving their country in arms, and 127 were relegated to the reserves of the first and second class. The main causes of rejection were constitutional debility and physical deformities. A large number of these pallid, feeble lads, moreover were found to consist of married men, not infrequently fathers of one or two children born in wedlock. This fact has suggested to the military authorities the expediency of recommending to the Reichstag, next session, a law prohibiting marriage to youths liable to army service until they shall have completed such service or attained the full age of twenty-three. The proposition, as it entails little or no hardship upon the rising generation, may very likely commend itself to the practical common sense of the Imperial German Legislature.

The Biggest Gambling on Record.

PLAY has run so high of late at the St. Petersburg Yacht Club that the most august personages in Russia have felt themselves called upon to check the gambling propensities of the reckless Boyars, whose recent inordinate gains and losses have been brought under Government cognizance. The particular episode which prompted Imperial intervention was the changing of hands, within a week, of no less a sum than \$3,000,000 in the play rooms of the club. More than half of that enormous amount was lost by Prince Demidoff, of San Donato, to his cousin, Colonel Count Schouvaloff—not the diplomatist, but an aide-de-camp to the Czar. This stupendous gambling transaction came to the ears of Count Loris Melikoff, who deemed it his duty to report the matter to the Emperor, craving his Majesty's permission to dissolve the club. This crowning disaster to the *jeunesse dorée* of the Russian capital was averted through the interposition of the Grand Duke Vladimir; but the Czar sent for Count Schouvaloff, and laid his commands upon that gentleman to return *seize-vingt* of his winnings to Prince Demidoff, observing that "he might be very well satisfied with having gained \$40,000 at a game of cards." It is needless to say that his Majesty's orders were carried out to the letter.

Progress in Jerusalem.

A WONDERFUL change has taken place in Jerusalem of late years, and it is probably now a more comfortable residence than ever before in its history. Mr. Schick, who holds the appointment of Surveyor of Buildings in the holy city, has lately issued a very instructive report. He tells us that ruined houses have been restored or rebuilt by individuals or companies, and buildings on the Peabody plan have been erected by associations. The streets are now lighted—kept, for an Eastern city, most exceptionally clean—and the aqueduct from the Pools of Solomon has been restored, and water brought thence to the city. Tanneries and slaughter-houses have been removed outside the town. The sanitary department is under the control of a German physician. Bethlehem and Nazareth are eagerly emulating the progress of the capital. In the latter place windows are becoming quite frequent. It is asserted that there is a fixed resolution on the part of thousands in Prussia to make that country as hot as possible for Jews, and it is not unlikely that this may in a measure increase the already considerable number now returning to Palestine, more especially as the German Jews already are a power in Jerusalem. The improvements are, further, likely to lead to many Europeans wintering there.

The Chinese Royal Family.

THE present ruling house of China, if we estimate it in the way we estimate European royal families, is, as Charles Dickens observed, a "tremendous family" to provide for, as it embraces the trifling number of some 40,000 souls. Of course, this is easily accounted for, if it be recollected that most Chinese emperors have wives by the score, and consequently the number of aunts, uncles, cousins, and cousins ever so many times removed, owned by each emperor make up a rather startling figure. But, of course, nobody could be expected to love 40,000 cousins; so by Chinese law (or custom) all claim on the emperor's attention closes somewhere about the eighth generation of first cousins. Still, as the odd 39,760 are undoubtedly of royal blood, a large proportion of them receive about a dollar a month from the public treasury, and if, within a certain degree of relationship, are entitled to wear

a yellow girdle. This, however, does not in the least interfere with their honestly earning their bread, and the mess-cooks in the British legation at Peking in 1863 was a yellow-girdled "cousin," entitled, moreover, to wear I don't know what button on the top of his very dilapidated old hat. All members of this imperial clan, however, if they get very little in the way of pension, have one great advantage—they cannot be tried before an ordinary court. A special tribunal exists to try them, and it was stated in a tolerably recent Peking gazette, that its members got a terrible wiggling for letting off some of the emperor's relations for some offense they had committed. So much for royal cousins in China. But the ladies of the palace afford the most curious paradox to foreigners, who forget that the Chinese are not the only people who make a great distinction between profession and practice. An ordinary Chinaman in China proper will tell you that women are decidedly inferior beings, and as to their having souls, pooh-poohs the idea outright. But if you remark that the whole government of the country has for the last eighteen years (with a short interval) been carried on by two ladies—the emperor's mother and empress dowager, two of the cleverest women now alive in China or any other country—he calmly remarks that perhaps they are different from other folk, and he will not at all admit that the average Chinawoman can possibly possess brains or sense. It is of no use pointing out to him that Chinese history abounds with heroines, and that cases of female pluck, ability and virtue are constantly recorded in imperial documents even at the present day.

Divorces in France.

THE recent report of the French Minister of Justice for 1878 shows that the number of judicial separations decreed in that year was greater than ever before, 3,277 cases having been before the tribunals. In 2,802 cases the demand for separation was made by wives. Classing the cases according to the social position of the parties to them, 1,575 petitions were lodged by workmen or their wives, 529 by persons of independent property or who were members of a liberal profession, 520 by tradespeople, and 405 by cultivators of the soil, while in 248 cases no information on this head is given. It may be observed that in 38 per cent. of the cases there had been no children of the marriage, while with regard to the time which had elapsed between the marriage and the suit for separation it is stated that 16 were commenced within a year of marriage, 748 after two years, 989 after 10 years, 1,062 after 20 years, 371 after 30 years, 92 after 40 years, 28 after from 40 to 50 years, and one after 55 years. With regard to the causes of separation, in nearly 3,000 cases the motive alleged was cruelty or neglect, there being only 169 charges of adultery against the wife by the husband, and 92 against the husband by the wife. In 31 cases a separation was asked for on the ground of one of the parties to the marriage having been sentenced to prison for some criminal offense. Out of the 2,227 cases, 438 did not come to a hearing, but of the others the tribunals only rejected 283, pronouncing altogether 2,556 decrees of separation.

The Swedish Colony in Maine.

IN 1870 the desirability of Scandinavian immigration having been discussed in the Maine Legislature, a commission was appointed "to ascertain what measures, if any, should be adopted by the State to induce settlements upon its unpeopled townships." The commission made a tour of Aroostook County, and finally reported in favor of recruiting a colony of Swedes in Sweden, transporting them to Maine, and permanently settling them on the wild lands of the State. The report provided that an agent should go to Sweden, collect the Swedes, bring them across the water, and locate them on township No. 15, range No. 3, of the State's lands. Only such as could pay their own passage from Sweden to Maine were to be received, and on their arrival in Maine each head of a family was to receive 100 acres of land. On the 23d of March, 1873, the Legislature passed an Act authorizing the experiment to be tried, and just four months later to a day the Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr., arrived in Northern Maine with a colony of Swedes. There were 50, all told, and on their arrival upon their reservation, which was christened "New Sweden," they were welcomed by 200 Americans, who escorted them to the five log cabins which had been hastily built for them. This was ten years ago. To-day there are 517 Swedes in New Sweden, 210 in Woodland, 25 in Caribou and 24 in Perham, making 776 in the colony. Though located in four townships, the colony forms one solid block. These Swedes now own farms and buildings valued at \$63,450. Their farm productions in 1879 were valued at \$14,504. They have 2,332 acres of improved land. They raised in 1879 23,000 bushels of potatoes, 8,001 bushels of oats, 4,967 bushels of rye and 1,168 bushels of wheat. The town 154 horses, 82 oxen, 264 cows, 177 calves and 295 sheep. Besides the 776 Swedes in the colony, it is believed that there are 250 more scattered over Aroostook County, and about 1,000 in other parts of the State, all of whom have been drawn to Maine by the representations of the original colonists. These Swedes are a hard-working, honest and always industrious people.

Opera in Russia.

THE Municipal Governments of Moscow and St. Petersburg are seeking to be released from the subsidies which they grant the Imperial operas every year. Since 1825, when the Emperor gave instructions that St. Petersburg should be "graciously allowed"—in plain English "compelled"—to contribute to the support of the opera, the city has voted, in the aggregate, \$1,250,000, the lowest amount yearly being 28,500 rubles. Moscow is bound to furnish twice this sum annually, but it is only since 1872 that she has contributed to the expenses of the Imperial opera. Both cities are agitating for a release from this exaction, on the ground that their finances are already in a bankrupt condition. As, however, this would involve an increase to the theatrical fund derived from the Czar's own privy purse, it is believed that the petitions will be ignored.

The North Pole.

EXPLOREERS have been hunting for the North Pole for a century or more, and here at last is a Baltimore child, who, under the joint superintendence of a clairvoyant and the spirit of the late Indian Chief Wampa, has seen the Pole with the mind's eye, and has written out a description of the landscape. The Pole is situated on an island, having a gradual rise from the water's edge to about the middle of it. On some parts of it appear only bare rocks; on other parts it has an abundant vegetation. About half of it, the east side, is covered with fruit trees. In some part they grow in dense thickets. In some they grow not so close together, and have grass thickly interspersed among them. The fruit consists of oranges, lemons, bananas, coconuts, and other tropical fruits. This part of the Pole is inhabited by beetles, white and black ants, grasshoppers, and many other kinds of insects, all unusually large; also by many different species of the monkey tribe. On the west side of the island

the vegetation is not so dense. It has many tropical fruits, but the trees are small. Among the natural products are the gooseberry, blackberry, grape, currant, raspberry and mandrake. But it differs from the east side in having no monkeys, and in having vast numbers of birds of every size and plumage. Among them are the ostrich, swan, goose, duck, quail, robin and humming-bird. On both sides are many small streams. The water of these is pure and clear as crystal. The temperature of both sides is warm. It does not vary. Here the crust of the earth is much thinner than at the equator, and the temperature is caused not so much by the sun as the heat coming out of the earth.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The ex-Empress of France at St. Helena.

The steamship *Trojan*, bearing the ex-Empress of France to England after her pilgrimage to Zululand, touched at St. Helena on July 12th, to give the lonely Eugénie an opportunity for visiting the tomb of Napoleon I. at Longwood. The party first visited The Briers, which is the villa occupied by Napoleon when he first arrived in the island. At Longwood, Old House, which was his principal and final residence, and where he died in 1821, after five years' detention in exile, the widow of his nephew and imperial successor staid more than an hour. She made a minute inspection of every room in the house, and seemed more especially affected by the sight of the apartment in which he drew his last breath. The very spot in which he lay in that room is marked by the erection of a marble bust, inclosed within a rail. The house was purchased and entirely restored by the late Emperor about twelve years ago. The ex-Empress also visited the well-known tomb, surrounded by willow-trees, from which thousands of travelers have plucked sprigs.

The Second Centenary of the Ven. John B. de La Salle at Rheims.

The Catholic teaching community known as the Brothers of the Christian Schools is well known in this country, where the members direct a great many of the boys' parochial schools, established by the denomination to which they belong, as well as several reformatories, and not a few academies and colleges. The organization dates back two centuries, and was founded by a worthy French priest, John B. de La Salle, who, seeing the neglect of primary education, formed a community, giving them rules to insure their proper training for teachers. The celebration at Rheims consisted in a pontifical High Mass by the Bishop of Chalons, and a Papal benediction by the Archbishop of Rheims. The panegyric of the venerable Abbé de La Salle was pronounced by the Bishop of Limoges, and several other members of the French hierarchy attended. A dinner and a historical parade closed the exercises of the day.

Capture of Ned Kelly, the Australian Outlaw.

After keeping the Australian colonies of Victoria and New South Wales in a state of excitement and terror for nearly ten years, Ned Kelly, the leader of the famous Kelly gang of horse thieves and murderers, was captured on the 28th of June last, near Glenoraux. The desperado stood the firing of the officers for some time with the utmost indifference, a coat and helmet of metal protecting him from the shots; but when one of his pursuers, amazed at the harmless effect of the bullets, fired at his legs, he was brought down at once. The wounded outlaw was carried to the jail at Melbourne, where he was stripped of his armor, and given medical attention. It would be impossible now to give an accurate account of the doings of this gang in both colonies. Their murders are certainly numerous, and their success, heretofore, in eluding capture by the police, militia, volunteers, bloodhounds and "black trackers" who have been employed against them, is simply marvelous. A year ago the Government of Victoria and New South Wales united in offering a very large reward for their heads—the sum of \$40,000—an amount equal to \$10,000 for each offender.

The Observatory on the Pic du Midi, France.

The French Government is erecting an Observatory at the Pic du Midi in the Pyrenees, nearly 9,000 feet above sea level. Last Winter was so severe that the road up to the Observatory was completely swept away, and the snow lay so long that work was not actually resumed on the Observatory itself till July. Forty-five men are now at work, protected by lightning rods, the raising and erection of which was no slight undertaking. Sand has been found in abundance, and water is obtained from the snow that is still on the peak above them. The Observatory is now more than half completed, and it is partly roofed, the tiles having been made expressly of enormous weight.

The Columbus Room in the Convent of La Rabida.

Spain treasures with care the little old Franciscan Convent of La Rabida, near Palos, and our illustration shows the room wherein occurred the turning point of the fortunes of Columbus. He had left the Court of Spain disheartened and hopeless. No one would listen to his plans. His studies had wasted his substance, and a forlorn wayfarer, he knocked at this convent portal to ask shelter for himself and his son. He found not only this, but in Father Marchena a man to understand him. In this room the discoverer and the friar discussed the whole project of a western voyage, and Marchena became so enthusiastic that he hastened to the Court with Columbus, and, having been confessor to Queen Isabella, easily reached her presence and pleaded the cause of Columbus, with what success all men know.

Convents of Meteora, Thessaly.

The singular rocks of Meteora, near the new Greek frontier, are seen from a great distance in descending the valley of the Peneus. They rise about a mile distant from the river—a group of isolated, massive cones and pillars of rock of great height, and for the most part perpendicular. The deep recesses between these pinnacles are thickly clothed with trees. On a nearer approach the outlines of several Greek monasteries are seen on these heights, seeming as if entirely separated from the rest of the world. The small town of Kalabak or Stagi is situated below the most lofty of these pinnacles. The situation of these monasteries of Meteora, or "Convents high up in the air," is most remarkable. A short walk from the village of Stagi leads the traveler among the strange pinnacles crowned by these convents. They form a cluster of detached rocks, separated by deep chasms, and each has a little level space on its summit, where the buildings are placed, looking like incrustations on the cliff. A colony of monks settled on these rocks, for the sake of the security they afforded, at a very early period. The six convents, still tenanted by the fathers, possess wells and cisterns, some goats and sheep, and a store of meal; but they depend for their support chiefly on charitable contributions. The convents are accessible by nets drawn up, and also by ladders of wood and rope, made in several separate joints, and let down over the face of the cliff from the mouths of artificial tunnels in the rock, which communicate with the lower parts of the buildings. At night, and when not required, these ladders are pulled up. The ladders are the most hazardous mode of ascent or descent, as they are perfectly perpendicular, and swing backwards and forwards in the air with the least breath of wind. The traveler is recommended to trust himself to the net as the safest and most singular method of ascent.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Pope has accepted the position of god-father to the expected heir to the Spanish throne.

—IN Germany, owing to the bad harvest, agitation has been commenced to prohibit the exportation of corn.

—THE staff of the German army, after successful experiments, have adopted the telephone to replace, in target practice, trumpet signals.

—INVITATIONS have been addressed to the United States asking for specimens to the International Food Exhibition in London in October.

—THE total assessed valuation of real and personal property in Philadelphia is \$543,669,129, an increase of \$7,001,295 over the valuation of last year.

—THE Santo Domingo Congress in extraordinary session has declared Merino the Constitutional President. He obtained 17,398 votes out of 19,011 votes.

—LARGE quantities of printed matter have been distributed in India with, it is said, the knowledge of the Porte, tending to excite the Mussulmans against the British.

—THE herring fishing on the east coast of Scotland is the most successful on record. It has been found impossible to cure all the fish caught, and tons have been carted to the manure merchants.

—THE Jews' quarter, a very picturesque feature of Amsterdam, has been robbed of its chief attraction by vendors being forbidden to expose their wares in the open air. The enforcement of the order caused a riot.

—THE passes of officials of the State railways in India are made of gold and silver. The general manager, who has the freedom of all the lines, wears a gold pass, about the size of a \$20 gold piece, on his watch chain. His subordinates wear silver.

—IT is said that at the next session of the German Reichstag the entire question of the currency will be reopened. The agitation against an exclusive gold currency is daily gaining ground. It is said Bismarck favors the re-adoption of silver as a legal tender.

—THE British Indian estimates for the year 1880-81 make the receipts \$66,746,000 and the expenditures \$66,329,000, giving a surplus of £417,000, and showing a decrease of £1,000,000 on each side of the account as compared with 1879-80.

—THE emigration returns from Liverpool for July show an increase of 5,000 persons, compared with July, 1879. Thirteen thousand of the emigrants came to America. All the cabins of the steamers now leaving Liverpool for New York, and for some weeks to come are fully engaged.

—THE British loss in front of Candahar was one officer, 300 Europeans and 700 native soldiers. In India it is thought to be hazardous simultaneously to evacuate Cabul and march General Roberts to Candahar. Ayoub Khan is occasionally shelling Candahar, but without doing much damage.

—THE Viking's ship lately discovered at Sandford, in Norway, has been taken to Christiania, and placed under cover in the University garden, near the old boat found at Tunoe some years ago. The damaged part is to be restored, and the colors, which rapidly faded in the sunlight, freshened up.

—THE Chief of the Bureau of Statistics reports that the total value of the exports of domestic breadstuffs from the United States during the month of July, 1880, were \$30,803,504, and during July, 1879, \$19,558,046. For the seven months ended July 31st, 1880, they were \$150,411,463, and during the same period in 1879, \$109,331,163.

—THE western rail connections of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad, saving 100 miles between St. Louis and Louisville and the seaboard, will be completed before the end of the year, and the extension of the line from Richmond, Va., to deep water on Chesapeake bay, where the largest grain elevator on the Atlantic coast will be erected, will soon be begun.

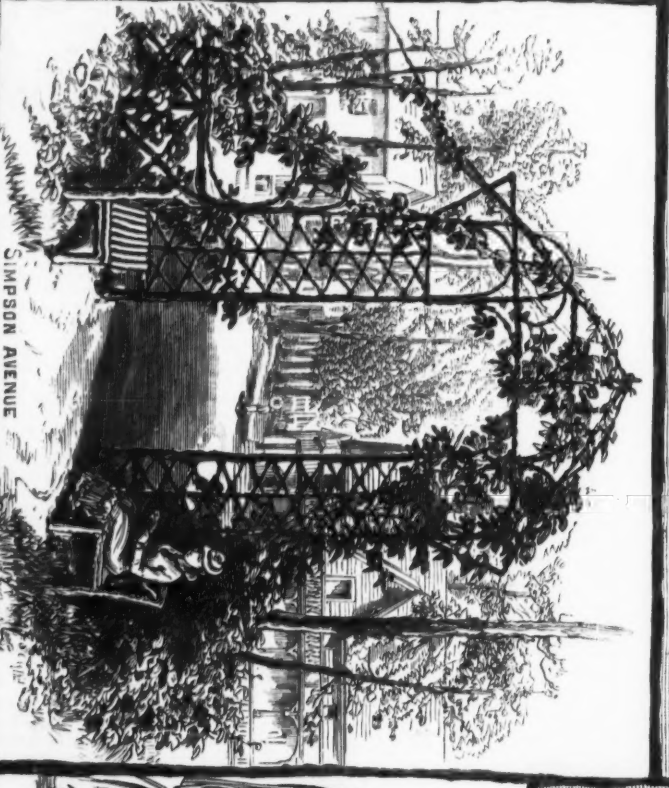
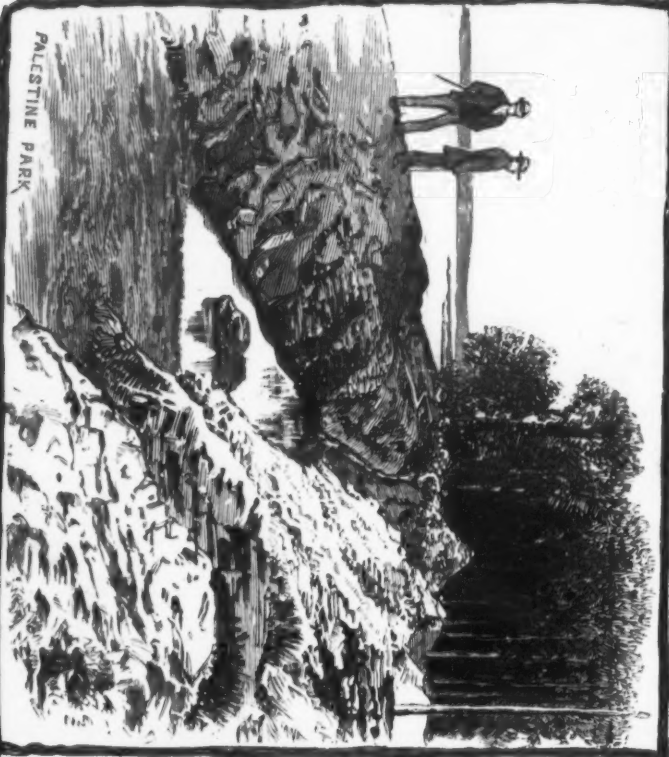
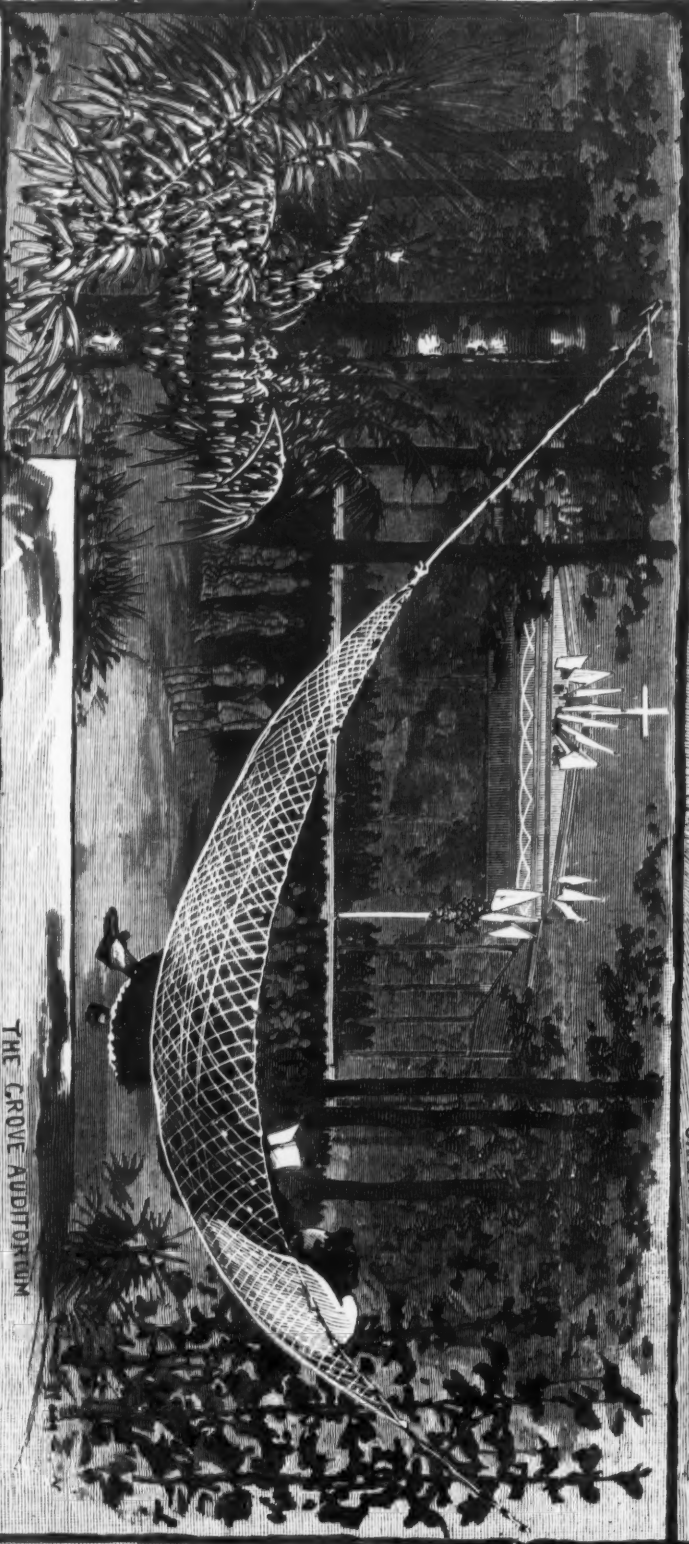
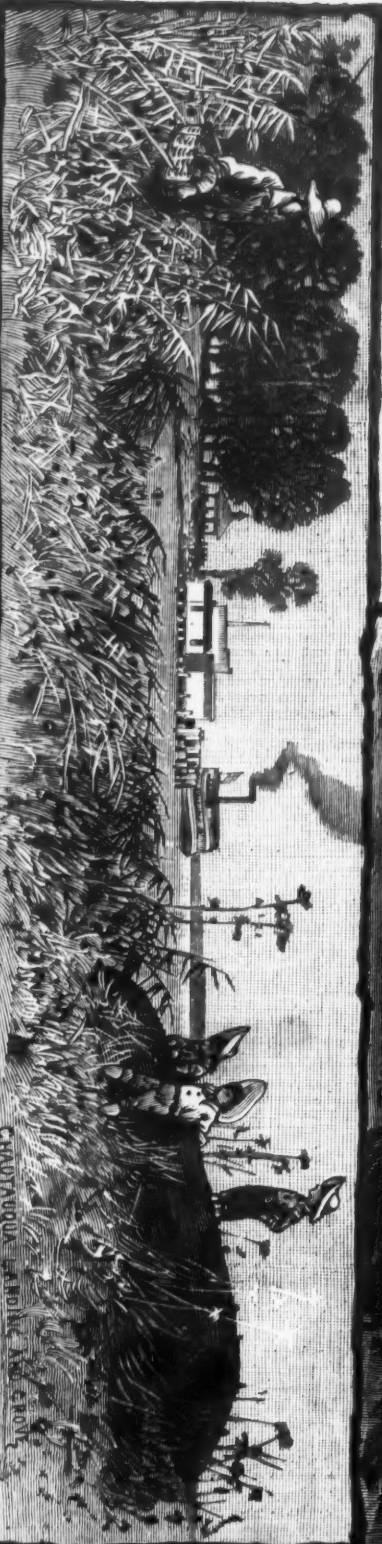
—AT last the great Cathedral of Cologne is finished. The foundation was laid in the middle of the thirteenth century, more than 600 years ago, and the work has gone on intermittently ever since. It is perhaps the finest Gothic structure in the world. Immense sums of money have been expended on it, the mere item of repairs swallowing up a large amount. Now that its last stone is laid, there is hope that some future generation may witness the completion of the Washington National Monument.

—THERE is another change of government in Victoria, Australia. Mr. Graham Berry has returned to power, and the conflict between the two branches of the Legislature will be renewed with vigor. The Upper House is Conservative, and refuses to pass measures tagged on to money Bills, consequently, about once a year there is a deadlock, and Government officials do not get a cent for months. Then some sort of compromise is arrived at, and people are paid, but next year the same trouble occurs over again. It is injurious to the colony in many ways. This year there is a deficit in revenue.

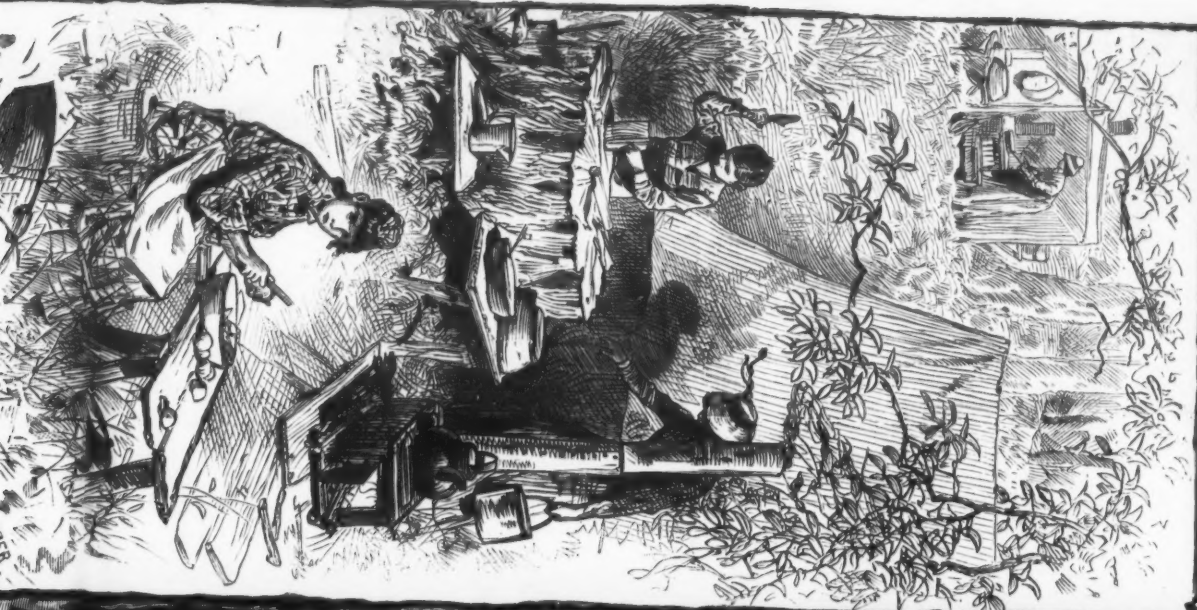
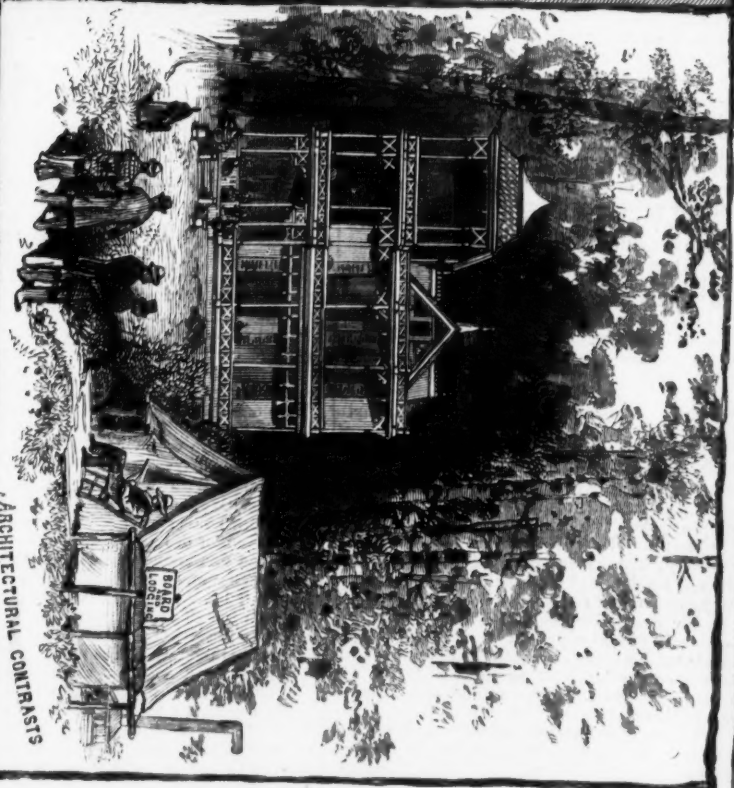
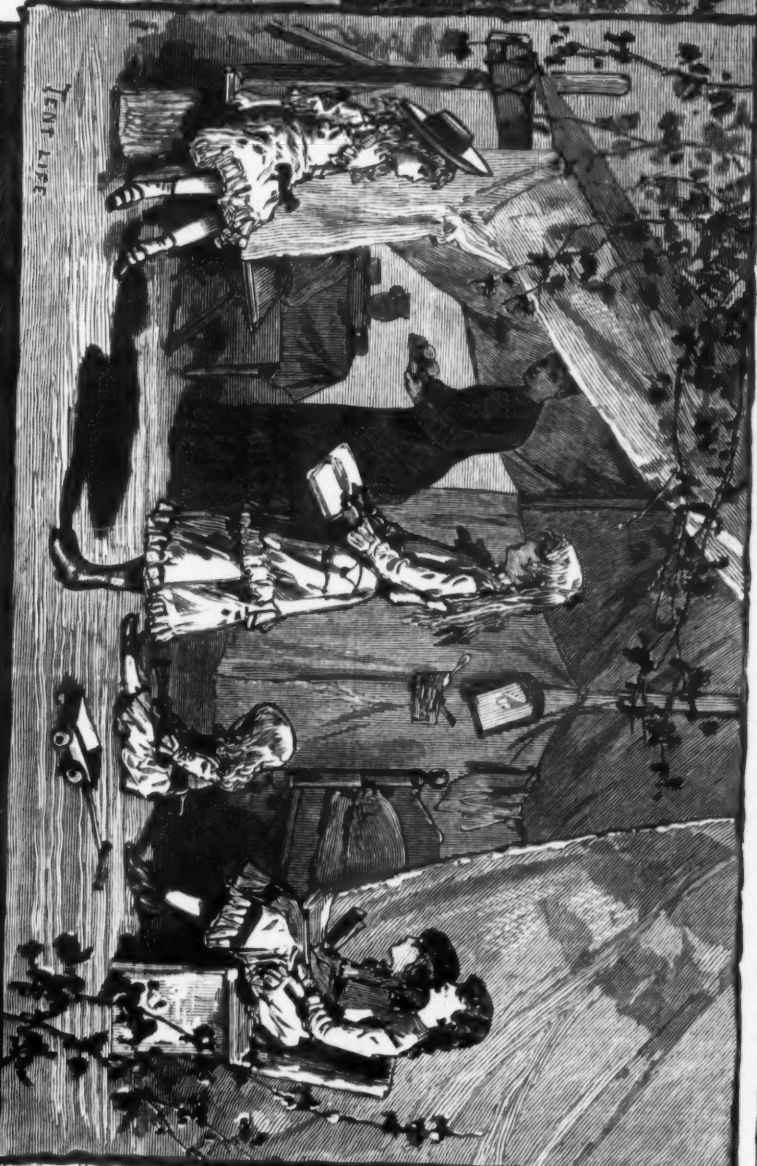
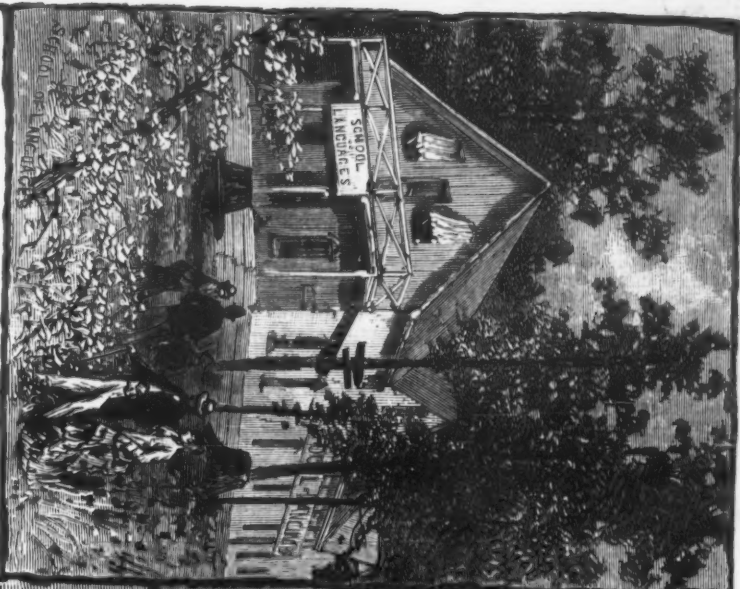
—THE following appointments for the United States have been announced by the Pope: The Very Rev. P. Manogue, of Virginia City, Nev., to be Bishop in *partibus*, with future succession to the Right Rev. Eugene O'Connell, Bishop of Grass Valley, Cal.; Rev. John A. Watterson, of Emmetsburg, Md., to be Bishop of Columbia, Ohio; Rev. Mr. Heyas to be Bishop in *partibus*, with succession to Most Rev. J. M. Henne, Archbishop of Milwaukee; Rev. Mr. Fortillo, to be Bishop in *partibus* and Vicar Apostolic of Lower California; and Rev. James Laird Patterson to be Bishop in *partibus*.

—A MEMORIAL window is to be dedicated to Sir Walter Raleigh in that abbey at Westminster, under whose shadow his ashes repose, "thus adding," the subscription circular says, "a fresh link to the chain which closely unites Great Britain and her first born daughter. Raleigh is held in far warmer remembrance by the citizens of the United States, and especially by those who now reside in Virginia and South Carolina, than by the modern English inhabitants of the Old Country, which gave him birth. Virginia hails in him the first European who appreciated the delights of that fascinating nicotian weed which is now one of the most popular luxuries of civilized mankind, and North Carolina has named her legislative capital Raleigh after him."

—PROFESSOR NORDENSKJÖLD's discoveries are about to be utilized by Russia in a way that few could have dreamed of two or three years ago. Three steamers have been purchased in Sweden, and are under orders to proceed to the town of Semipalatinsk, near the Chinese frontier, in mid Siberia. The route taken will be round Norway, and past the White Sea and Nova Zembla to the Kara Sea and Obi River. On reaching Tobolsk they will find there several barges laden with troops and stores, which it will be their duty to tow up the Irtysh to Semipalatinsk, distant a few days' march from the Chinese frontier. Thanks to Professor Nordenskjöld, Russia will be able to concentrate troops on the Chinese border in half the time that would have been considered possible a few years ago, when the utilization of navigable Siberian rivers for military transport purposes was scarcely dreamed of by the Czar's ministers.



NEW YORK—OUR POPULAR SUMMER RESORTS—RECREATION AND STUDY AT CHAUTAUQUA LAKE.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BROCKEN.—SEE PAGE 6.



SONNET.

A SHIP steers southward with a song of sails,
 Cresting the billows in resistless pride;
 A smiling sky dreams on the ocean wide,
 And like a chart its mystery unavails.
 The conquering keel defies the unborn gales;
 It heeds no treacherous calm, no faithless tide,
 Till rocks unseen loom up on either side,
 And wreck its beauty, while the wild sea walls!
 My ship of love once sailed in pleasant ease,
 To reach the harbor of thy love, the shock
 Of storms was spared me, and a generous breeze
 Drifted me onward over lake and loch,
 Until my soul, trusting in tranquil seas,
 Was wrecked upon thy heart's unfeeling rock!

F. S. SALTUS.

THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

BY ANNIE DUFFELL.

AUTHOR OF "IN THE MESHES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.—MR. DORNSDOFF FEELS APPREHENSIONS.

COUNT TOBOSKIE has just returned to his castle after an unusually weary day with his state duties. As he enters his private apartment his chamberlain informs him that a visitor is waiting him in the reception-room. "I am too weary to receive any one this evening," he says, with a frown. But as he speaks he glances carelessly at the card extended, and sees written upon it "Henry Dornsdoff." His dull eyes suddenly flash with the murderous hatred that he entertains for this man, who is hounding to her death the woman of his mad love. It matters not that he believes her guilty, one sight of the famous attorney kindles a rage in his breast that it requires his utmost strength to control.

"Show him up!" he says, briefly. And in a few minutes his enemy stands face to face with him.

"You have business with me?" he inquires, coldly, and in his bearing he has unconsciously thrown all that haughty arrogance of the noble.

"I have," replies the attorney, calmly, though in his breast is a fierce tempest of rage and mortification at the manner of his distinguished host. Yet even as he suffers from his wounded self-esteem, a savage exultation seizes him; he knows that he is dragging the proud spirit of this haughty aristocrat through a hell of torture and bitterness; he knows that he has it in his power to wound him to the quick, to deaden all life for him for ever through the condemnation of the woman upon whom he is striving to affix the brand of murderess, and for whom he, with his keen insight, has discovered Toboskie's passion. In the palm of his hand he holds the fate of two lives—two lives of his hated, highborn enemies—the aristocrats.

Yet he is not quite secure of his vengeance. Knowing the fierce, unchangeable natures, where they love, of the men of Toboskie's race, he is by no means sure that Toboskie himself, overpowered by his passion, may not avail himself of his individual and almost limitless power as the ruling spirit behind the throne of Russia to save this woman from the sentence of that more inferior voice, the law. One word from this man confronting him with his icy, immovable exterior—one word, if he dared speak it, and the worst came to the worst—would deprive his flat of legal force and efficacy and ransom his prisoner. After all his years of weary toil and degradation, this is just where he has arrived, and beyond it he can never go—in all things save brains, and there they stand face to face, he is this man's inferior and his slave. These thoughts and misgivings have prompted him to his present visit. Nothing else but a fear of his vengeance escaping him would have compelled him to place himself in a position where he was subject to the galling hauteur, the bitter condescension, of his noble enemy.

"Will you be kind enough to state your business?" he seates.

With a slight gesture Count Toboskie indicates a chair for his visitor, himself sinking into a huge fauteuil.

The cold, indifferent tones, the careless invitation, the proud bearing, all sink deeply into Dornsdoff's soul, already lacerated and embittered by envy. But with the patience of a sluthound he bides his time. He seats himself and turns the full fire of his sharp, swift eye upon his companion.

"Count Toboskie should be aware that there is but one matter that would give me a claim to seek him in his private character. I come, my lord, concerning the Lagors-Ashhurst case."

"I am at your service."

Dornsdoff straightens himself and boldly commences his business.

"My lord, what is to be the result of this affair?"

An icy smile fastens upon the delicate, satirical lips of the noble.

"From the fervor with which you have been conducting the case, and your discriminating intelligence displayed, it would be much more appropriate for me to make that inquiry of you, Mr. Dornsdoff," he replies.

"That may be true, my lord," responds the attorney, always in that immutable calm, though his deep-set eyes flash. "In the eyes of justice there should be but one universal fate for murderers, be they high or low; but justice is not always had in Russia." Then, changing his voice, he continues: "My lord, there is a rumor afloat to the effect that the friends of Lord Ashhurst intend appealing to you in this matter."

"I have heard nothing of that; and, pardon me if I inquire in what way does it concern you?"

"It concerns me in the same way that it concerns the whole kingdom," replies the attorney, and there is a rising inflection in his

voice. "I am well aware that, after the court and the law had exhausted their intelligence upon this important matter, and rendered their impartial opinions, it is in your power to nullify their sentence; that one word from you to the Czar in favor of your fellow aristocrat would save her from the righteous doom accorded her by just and competent judges."

Where he sits in his haughty and invincible power, the statesman glances curiously at his visitor, whom he perceives is strongly agitated, despite his efforts at self-control.

"And what if I speak that word?" he says, quietly.

The attorney springs to his feet, and his hand closes tightly upon the carved top of the chair.

"It would be unjust; and the people, down-trodden as they are, would rise in rebellion!" His eyes are hot and lurid, his voice suppressedly fierce.

Count Toboskie also rises to his feet, his delicate, dark face like bronze, yet there is a dangerous gleam in his steady eye.

"Am I to construe that into a threat?" he asks, and his voice is chill, with that mortal coldness more dangerous than wrath.

"No, my lord," replies Dornsdoff, who sees that his excitement has carried him too far. "I am merely an advocate for justice, and humble and powerless as I am, compared with the—"

"We will excuse all that," interrupts the count, in icy sarcasm. "To the point, Mr. Dornsdoff."

The attorney bows calmly, though inwardly consumed with rage and mortification.

"With your permission," he resumes, "I refer you to the last execution. What were the facts? A nobleman, with as many enemies, even among his own class, as there are stars in the heavens, is found murdered in the streets. At first it is a mystery. Then upon a poor, drunken, helpless wretch of the people is affixed the crime. There is nothing but circumstantial evidence, and the poorest at that; but he is tried, condemned and executed, despite the petitions of the people, with whom he was a favorite and who knew him innocent. If ever an innocent man was hung that man was Rudolph Strakosch. And now, not three months have elapsed, ere another murder is committed; this time the crime is fastened upon one of the aristocracy. Strange, isn't it? but it only goes to show that the evidence is very great. Rudolph Strakosch, poor devil! was one of the people; Maize Ashhurst, the daughter of a long line of English earls. Against the man there was absolutely no evidence that he committed the deed, and no motive, as even robbery was not committed; for the woman, even a child could not doubt that she is the guilty one; such powerful circumstantial evidence is unparalleled. She was in Count Lagors's room that night, and it is positively proven that she was the last one with him in life. She confesses herself that she spent two hours of that night in his society. What motive took her there? She was heard to have hard words with him; and when she left the chamber, overpowered with the horror of her deed, she well-nigh fainted on the threshold of the castle. Her arm was broken, her attire very much disordered, herself undeniably under the influence of liquor. Yet it is possible that this woman may escape."

Toboskie hears in silence. He knows that what his companion has said is true—that the girl of his worship stands branded with the crime of Cain; yet he could leap upon him and strangle the life from him as one wild brute would tear another. Never has such a passion seized him as that passion with which he now yearns for this man's life. He thirsts for his blood with a tiger-lust, yet he must remain silent while, unresented, he takes upon his lips the name of the woman of his worship—that woman, who, by her own crime, has put all assistance beyond her.

"It is justice that we want," proceeds the attorney's voice, now cool with the consciousness of power, "and the people demand of you the exiling of this woman—demand it as their right. And if it is refused—" He pauses, and again that ring comes into his voice that rouses the noble. He looks at him steadily, and a lion's wrath shines in his eyes.

"Well," he says, "and if it be refused, what then?"

Dornsdoff returns the glance, his eyes dark and menacing.

"There will be darker doings than there have been for years in Russia," he replies.

Toboskie is fully roused, his flashing eyes measure from head to foot the thick-set, bull-like figure of the attorney, and his voice rolls forth like a trumpet-call.

"And who dares differ from my judgment?" he thunders. "Who dares sit upon my actions? Who presumes to dictate, or influence, or control me?"

"No one but who would expect to suffer for it with his blood. Yet, my Count Toboskie, there are those who would even rebel at such a price against tyranny and injustice," and the earnestness with which he adheres to his cause positively dignifies the speaker. Toboskie comes nearer respecting him than at any other moment of his life.

"When you came here, it may and it may not have been your motive to dictate to me," he says, and his voice has suddenly grown calm.

"I will not call your design into question, but I will say that what has passed savors strongly of threatening. Mr. Dornsdoff, you are aware that there is such a thing as rank and power—a bitter gleam flickers into the eyes of the listener—and I assure you that I will permit of the interference of no one in the discharge of my official duties. I have been fortunate enough to find favor in the eyes of my sovereign, and I feel fully capable of controlling the affairs of the people as well as those of the nation. Understand one thing for ever—Russia

is an empire and her statesmen not of the people, and insubordination will ever be punished, as also every semblance of treason."

"As it should be," speaks up Dornsdoff, boldly, "but I do not think it disloyalty to beg for justice."

"There are different views of justice; every one is not a capable judge," replies the count, chilly. "Of one thing be assured, I shall be the dictator of my own actions, and most assuredly if I see fit and deem it proper I shall pardon Lord Ashhurst's daughter."

A light like a wild brute's flashes into the steel-gray eyes of the attorney, and his shrunken face grows warm with the hot blood of uncontrollable anger.

"Then, sir, there would be no justice in that," he cries, fiercely, "but the ignoble, contemptible partiality of one aristocrat to another—"

"You forget yourself," interrupts the count, sternly.

"I can never to do that, my lord," replies Dornsdoff, with sudden and infinite bitterness. "There are circumstances in my position that will not allow me to forget it even for a moment. But I tell you that a crisis has arrived, and if you pardon this woman the people will rise in rebellion. I am of them, and I know the spirit that possesses them. They were mad with grief at the death of their brother, and they have not recovered from it yet. If you liberate this murderess, this high-bred courtier, their madness will take shape and method, and there will be hard days in Russia."

Toboskie's hands clench at the appeal of shame, but his composure is unshaken; he is the statesman now, and not the lover.

"Are you aware that you are talking treason, and that I could have you put in irons for it?" he says, quietly.

"I am aware that you could put me in irons for whatsoever offense you chose to imagine," replies Dornsdoff, hotly, "but I am not aware that I am talking treason, for what I have said has been for the good of my country. I foresee rebellion, and I have but told you of it. That is my offense, I believe."

"There will not be rebellion," responds the count, in that chill, disdainful tone of conscious supremacy. "The people know too well the fate of the rebel to give way to such folly. It would be but child's play; they would be as sheep in the hands of our army. But enough of this foolishness. If this is your business, I believe it is finished. And now, Mr. Dornsdoff, allow me to say that the people's cause is also my cause." A sudden realization that he has been rude fastens upon Toboskie; and the claim of guest sanctifies even this man in his eyes, reared as he has been in the stately courtesy of the noble; therefore, his tones soften.

"And I shall never cease to hold their interest very near me. Mark you, I did not say that I intended to pardon this young lady; I may not even be appealed to. You seem to have magnified my importance. But I did say that if she was innocent I would not have her suffer for another's crime; and surely this should be the sentiment of every honest man. But—I believe her guilty."

With a quick start Dornsdoff looks up in the dark, cold, immovable face of the aristocrat; it holds not the slightest trace of any kind of emotion. Yet in this hour he remembers the many legends of his race—legends that bespeak their swift, dark, fiery passions for the women of their love—and a savage exultation fastens upon him, for he knows that the throes of death will be as ease to this haughty man before him, compared with the secret agony and travail of that confession. He bows coldly, and prepares to leave, his motive accomplished.

"I might have known," he says, with that polished manner that he assumes at will, "that I could trust the cause of justice in the hands of Count Toboskie."

The count responds with a bow, and in the next moment he is alone. A deathly weakness has suddenly settled upon him in the full glory of his magnificent manhood. He goes into an inner chamber where the lights have not yet been lit; he wants to be alone, away from all earthly sight, in his boundless misery.

To do him justice, he firmly believes Maize guilty; no merciful doubts have come to him in his woe. He believes her guilty because he, of all the world, has more cause for suspicion, because to him is an inner knowledge more powerful than all the evidence revealed to the public.

He knows that in one thing she has been wronged—that the accusation of shameful intimacy between her and Lagors is a foul slander; but the doubt of this, instead of shaking his suspicion of her guilt, but confirms it the more powerfully. He cannot doubt that she murdered him, since, by Lagors's own confession, she had been most bitterly wronged by him. And though at the time of his explanation she was unconscious of that wrong, it is evident that she afterwards became aware of it, and avenged her injury by the blood of her enemy. In all his intercourse with her he remembers that she has always confessed to a nature of revenge. In this hour, standing there in the intense darkness of his palace chamber, he recalls those fatal words uttered the morning of her accident:

"You know that a Greek could be nothing but swift and revengeful where vengeance is righteous!"

Ever since the horrible tragedy those miserable words have echoed in his soul. He doubts not that the wild, half-savage instincts of her nation held as holy such a vengeance, and, thinking of the wrong she avenged, in this moment he is almost constrained to pronounce it the same.

He stands there in the darkness, his clinched hand resting on the window; in his soul has pierced the iron of a deathless anguish. He has been wounded in his tenderest point—his good faith. Despite that spirit of strife between them, he had believed in her with all his soul, and the enormity of her crime and

the sweetness of her angel face had hallowed all life for him. It never occurred to him that a time may be when his idol would be purified—when, crushed and stricken though she now be, she may rise up to new heights in her strong womanhood. He only stands there in the dusk, scented by the perfume of hidden flowers, his hands clinched and his teeth set like a mastiff's.

CHAPTER XXX.—GYPSY'S GOOD ANGEL FOR EVER VANISHES.

THE crisis of Gypsy's illness passed, and, contrary to the opinion of the physician, the frail, smitten spirit struggled weakly back to life. But her recovery is slow and tedious, and now, after nearly two months have elapsed since the commencement of her illness, she sits up for the first time in all those weary weeks. She is very changed as she reclines in an easy chair in her boudoir, this particular morning, but looks as beautiful as ever, with a pathetic, infantile cast to her loveliness that is almost touching. She is clad in a white robe of soft, clinging cashmere, with falls of lace around her throat and wrists; all her long, luxuriant hair has been cut off, the remainder having naturally arranged itself in short, bright ringlets around a head strictly Grecian in its beauty. All that rich glory of coloring has entirely faded from her cheeks, but her face is lovelier in its pallor than in the days of her rosier health. Her eyes, large, blue and lustrous, are languidly beautiful, and continually hold a hunted, piteous light, very appealing.

She is wondrous with the soft, ethereal beauty of an angel, that looks as if it must melt and fade away as one gazes, beautiful as a painter's dream. Was ever the fiend in the form of a woman's sin and weakness guised in so dazzling and alluring a figure? Jack, standing looking at her with all his great, stricken soul in his eyes, thinks of all the lovely things the earth holds, his wife is the loveliest.

"You will soon be well now, dear," he says, breaking the silence.

Gypsy moves her head restlessly. "I don't want ever to be well again," she says, and her voice is a trifle cross.

A spasm of pain shoots athwart Jack's face. "You must live for my sake," he says, gently.

"There is nothing to live for," she says, again, with her old careless selfishness, taking no heed of her husband's trouble. "Oh, Jack, I do so want to see Maize. There is no one in the world so much to me as she is. She is so grand, so beautiful! Jack, mayn't I go and see her soon?"

"Yes, dear, if you continue to improve."

"Oh, I will improve, I will," she cries. Despite the weakness and mistakes of this poor erring soul, there is yet in her that strong, maternal instinct characteristic of the sex—she loves her child. "And how long before she can come home? Oh, I miss her so! I am listening always for her step."

Jack gives an evasive answer, and, kissing Gypsy, hastens precipitately out of the room. By advice of the doctor, the full extent of Maize's danger has been kept from her. She does not dream that it will result in anything but a disagreeable scandal, though she has been informed that, until the affair is settled, Maize is compelled by the law to remain at a city hotel, which is a species of imprisonment.

Jack has not more than disappeared when she stoops over and, picking up an English paper that has dropped from his pocket, carelessly glances over it in quest of home news. Suddenly her glance becomes riveted, and as she reads her whole appearance becomes changed. At last the sheet drops from her fingers, and she sinks back in her chair rigid as death.

At that moment Valentine enters the chamber. Appalled at the terrifying appearance of the invalid, she hastens across the room and bends above her.

"Gypsy!" she calls.

The staring, wide-opened eyes of poor Gypsy look mutely up at her.

"Gypsy, for heaven's sake! what is the matter with you?"

With one small, quivering finger the stricken woman points to the paper, and her lips, from which all the color has drained, twitch with a voiceless movement.

Valentine looks, and sees in the English paper a short paragraph to the effect that, despite talented counsel and powerful friends, there is little doubt that Lord Ashhurst's daughter will be held guilty of murder, and punished accordingly.

Valentine looks at the mute, quivering pile in the chair, and her eyes suddenly grow chill and resolute.

"Well?" she says, and her voice holds but little sympathy for her stricken companion.

Gypsy raises herself with a despairing gesture, and looks up piteously at Valentine.

"Is it true?" she whispers.

"Yes, it is true," is the cold reply, while the steady eyes cover the quivering woman.

For a moment Gypsy sits as if stunned; then her hands lock convulsively and her face deepens in its blanched hue.

"Oh, my God!" The words escape her in the stifled cry of great anguish, as she sits motionless, staring up at her companion.

"I am sorry for you," says Valentine; "but you would have found it out some time. But this is Jack's carelessness."

Suddenly Gypsy springs to her feet. Her manner is wild; her eyes flash with an insane light, at once fierce and appalling; in her voice is the wailing cry of a lost soul.

"Oh, my God—my God! and you have kept it from me all this time. Was ever woman so bitterly lied to! Oh, my darling—my darling! my beautiful Maize! I will go to her! You shall not keep us apart. Let me be! I will go to her!" She struggles fiercely with Valentine's detaining hand.

"You will do nothing of the kind," says the cold, clear voice of her persecutor.

"I will! No one shall keep me from her! I am your slave—your victim! I always have been; but I do not fear you now!" The poor, weak, tempest-tossed soul is struggling bravely with the little of purity it possesses. "I am going to her. You shall not keep me from my child. Poor, ruined, persecuted girl! Give me my cloak and hood—I must hasten. Oh, my darling—my poor little baby-girl!" She breaks out into wild sobs, and presses one hand to her head.

"You are mad!" Valentine's voice is chill and inflexible as steel, and holds a mortal anger. But as Gypsy has said, she does not fear her now.

"Say what you please, but I shall go to her. If you refuse to let me, I will wait until Jack comes and make him take me. Ah! what a heinous crime—Maize languishing in prison! But it shall not be. I will liberate her, for she is innocent—she could never have committed that crime. She is too grand and proud and noble! But she shall not suffer! Oh, Maize—Maize! Oh, my God—my God! What shall I do? Oh, if I had never been born!"

Valentine looks at her with her angry, dilating eyes.

"Would to God that you never had!" she says, fiercely.

"Let go of my hand," cries Gypsy, frantic with excitement. "I am going to her. Do you think you can keep us apart, you fiend incarnate? Do you think I will sit by and see her hung—do you think I will even see her branded with another's sin? Ah, no! your worm has turned, she shall be saved! You would be happy if you could see her strung up by her neck; you always hated her; you would be happy then, very happy! But I will come between you and your enjoyment. Yes, I, your slave! You think I dare not do it? You think I have not the courage? I will show you."

"You are mad!" Valentine again interrupts, with her chill, disdainful voice. "You are raving! There is every evidence in the world that Maize committed the crime—"

"You lie! Oh, my God! if I was only strong," pants Gypsy.

"But you see you are not strong," replies Valentine, with a contemptuous laugh. "As I say, every one believes Maize guilty. I believe it; you must believe it. It may be bitter at first, but you must school yourself to believe it. She is—not a person even in your own order doubts it. The strongest evidence is against her! It is believed that she was the last one with Lagors alive, and then she was alone with him in his chamber." The woman stands in the appalling strength of her grand womanhood, mercilessly leading on to its utter ruin the weaker spirit of her slave—that spirit that is making its last final effort to break away from its bondage of sin—to step upwards out of its fit of darkness.

Valentine bends closer to Gypsy, and her large eyes, fully charged with their peculiar power, look straight into the blue ones with their wild, terrified light, and her voice is chill with a deadly questioning:

"Who did kill him, if not Maize?"

Gypsy stands silent and wrings her small, soft hands.

"You see," pursues Valentine, in that hard, steady voice, "there is absolutely no one else upon whom the suspicion could fall. When you say that Maize is innocent you are going contrary to reason, and are making an assertion that you cannot prove. The world believes her the murderess. I believe it, you must believe it!"

Again that hoarse cry of great suffering breaks from Jack Ashhurst's wife.

"Never—never! In the past you have done everything with me, but you can never force me to believe that," she cries. "I know too well that she is innocent. Oh, my poor child—my poor child!"

Valentine is amazed at this show of tenderness and fidelity on the part of Gypsy, amazed and greatly angered.

"Your 'poor child' is a murderess and being tried for her life," she says, brutally, "and the sooner you accustom yourself to the idea the better, for it must cling to you all your life."

A wild, delirious light comes in Gypsy's azure eyes, and she throws out her hands as if to ward off a curse.

"Yes, all my life," she repeats, and her voice is hollow and changed—"always to cling to me! Oh, my God! never to lay it down—never to lose it for a single day, or an hour, or a minute!"

Valentine's beautiful hand closes with a savage force upon the frail wrist of Gypsy, and her eyes grow hot and lurid.

"Are you practicing for theatricals?" she inquires, while her fine, delicate nostrils quiver with rage. "Gypsy, have done with this madness and act like a sensible woman. You have but one lesson to learn—Maize is a murderess."

"She is not! Oh, you wicked, devilish woman! What if she was with Count Lagors? You know well what took her there—she thought I was there, and went to save me. Poor, faithful child! But she shall not suffer for another's crime! I have studied it all out, and I know that she found that note and went to bring me home, thinking I had gone. And I will tell them this, and they will see what motive took her there."

Valentine is fully roused. She keeps her eyes drooping upon Gypsy with their intense expression—the pupils expand, grow faintly amber in their secret depths, and dazzlingly luminous. Lady Ashhurst shudders, and strives desperately to escape from that powerful glance, but the scathing eyes hold hers powerless.

"Very well," Valentine's voice is low and mocking. "I advise you to go immediately and tell the authorities that Count Lagors was enamored of you. They will then see the note with its allusion to the past; and, above all,

they will be very desirous of information concerning Claudio Despuccio, and that *Summer in Greece*. I believe Jack never heard that you spent a season in Athens. Oh, well, he will find it out, and it will be a nice little history for him—Jack, who has sworn by his wife's honor. And, of course, the papers will take up the hue and cry, and it will float back to England, and you will be discussed in club and ballroom. You know you have some enemies at home. Gypsy—Lady Houghton, Blanche Rivers, and a few other celebrities. I can see how Lady Blanche's black eyes will flash over her chocolate, as she entertains Chetwood, De Vigne and Delancie with the choice bits of your story. You know Blanche always was jealous of you, and she won't show you much mercy with the men. She will dress you off in the brightest colors, and her tongue is sharp with its wit."

While she has been speaking a pitiful change comes over Gypsy. All the light and life die out of her face, and her eyes grow wild and haggard, while her small hands clench. She seems to shrink away—to shrink further and further in herself, as the scoffing, pitiless words fall upon her ear. Valentine knows her nature better than she knows her own—all its failures, its weaknesses and its sin are seen by her penetrating vision; and she plays upon this poor, erring soul like a harpist upon his chords, bringing forth at will her vilest attributes and deadliest sin. She looks at the trembling, cowering form, the dilated eyes, the ashen, quivering face, but no pity touches her at sight of her wreck.

"Come," she says, derisively, "why do you hesitate? Are you not going to Jack with your story—are you not going to immolate yourself in Maize's cause? Come, here are your cloak and hood; I have obeyed you. I am ready to go with you to the magistrate."

But Gypsy draws back from her grasp and sinks in a chair. The most powerful chord in her nature has been touched—self-interest; and she sits shivering as with cold and smitten with a deadly terror.

"Come, I am ready," urges Valentine, scornfully, "it is not possible that you have so soon given out?"

"Hush!" It is all Gypsy says, but it shows the struggle, the weakness and anguish of her soul. "I can't do it," she finally cries out, and her small form sways to and fro; "you knew I couldn't when you spoke to me like that. It is your fault. If you had let me be, I would have saved her; I would have gone before my courage gave way, before I had time to think of self!"

"It is not too late yet. I am ready to accompany you."

The great, hunted, azure eyes flash up at her torturer in despairing wrath.

"I cannot do it, and you know it! Go out of my sight and don't come in it again to-day! Oh, I hate you, I hate you! I wish I despised sin as I despise you! If I die first I will curse you with my everlasting curse!"

Without a word Valentine goes out. She knows that the last chance of Maize's rescue has fled. Though stricken with agony and remorse, Gypsy will be mute as death. She goes out into the fairness of the young day. In her, too, has come a wondrous change; some chance ring in the wild, mad voice of her victim has stricken her with a strange pain. "Her everlasting curse!" She shudders as the flood of sunlight smites her ashen face; her mouth is parched, her brain throbs, her limbs shiver, and her great eyes look blind and mad as she glances up at the sunlit heavens with a quiver in her straight, cold lips.

"My God! and all this for a woman's sin, a man's faithlessness!" Her hands are clinched tightly as she turns and re-enters the castle.

(To be continued.)

GOLD MINING IN GEORGIA.

UNTIL the close of the civil war mining in Georgia was confined mostly to the north-eastern counties and to one or two mines in the Atlanta Mountains, in Cherokee County. It was carried on chiefly by panning, or pan-washing, and a large part of the population around Dahlonega made a living in this way. Statistics show that \$28,000,000 had been panned out in the Counties of Lumpkin, Hall, Paulding and Cherokee. The mines in Cherokee and Paulding were the richest, those around Dahlonega, where the United States mint was situated, being the first worked. Then came the rush to California, and the Georgia mines were neglected, except by panning people, who preferred to wash out enough gold for bare support rather than cultivate the soil. Later, however, the interest in the Georgia mines has been revived, not only in that State, but in the North and West as well; and in the last two years discoveries have been made which the Georgians claim demonstrate that their gold belt is as rich as the average California fields. This gold belt is a well defined geological formation, beginning in Nova Scotia, coming to the surface in Dutchess County, New York, cropping out freely in Virginia, North and South Carolina and Georgia, and finally disappearing in Alabama, the general direction being from north-east to south-west.

The gold belt of Georgia is in primary formation, confined to about fifty counties, of which Lumpkin, White and Hall have produced about fifty million dollars in gold since 1828. The first gold found in the United States was found in North Carolina in 1799. In 1829 and 1830, in Nachoochee Valley, Ga., the mining excitement was great. About 10,000 adventurers congregated in a short time, and "camped out." In 1830 the State took formal action, forcing the United States Government to make a treaty with the Indians, and regular mining was commenced. Gold sold for sixty to seventy-five cents per pennyweight. In 1837 a United States branch mint was established at Dahlonega, but was abandoned during the war, and the place was afterwards used for an agricultural school.

The portion of the Northeast Georgia which embraces the main developments in gold mining, and the most striking characteristics of mountain, valley and waterfall in the State, lies within Cherokee, Forsythe, Hall, Dawson, Lumpkin, White and Habersham Counties, a belt about 100 miles long and 30 miles wide, north of and immediately along the Atlanta and Charlotte Air Line Railroad.

As early as 1832 Auraria was the largest and most important town in Northern Georgia. It was 160 miles northwest of Augusta, its nearest point of

communication with the outside world—over clayey hills almost impassable in wet seasons. Six miles further up towards the mountains the town of Dahlonega was located in 1832 or 1833, upon more hills than old Rome. The first stamp-mill in the vicinity of Dahlonega, and probably in the State, was a crude affair on Cane Creek, near the present somewhat famous Pigeon Creek Mine. This was nearly all wood, as the cost of hauling iron machinery from Augusta was \$3 per cwt. The next mill was an improvement, built upon the Yahoola River, by merchants, in 1838 or 1839.

In 1840 Dr. Singleton, a wealthy cotton planter of South Carolina, who owned a valuable mine in the quartz ridge along the Yahoola River, about 200 miles east of Erin, built the first iron stamp mill in the State—a very crude affair compared with some of those lately built upon the same property. The want of water has always been the great drawback to mining in the Dahlonega Hills. In 1854 and 1855 a firm, who were largely interested in mines, undertook to bring water from a point on the Yahoola River, twenty miles northeast of the town, having to cross the stream three miles from town, at an elevation of 150 feet, to get the water where it was needed. An expensive wooden trestle was built, which lasted only a few years. Since the war the old "Yahoola Ditch" franchise has fallen into the hands of a Cleveland gentleman, who has substituted wrought-iron pipes three feet in diameter, as inverted siphons, to cross the ravines, and has extended the ditch three or four miles further to the famous Pigeon Creek Mine, where the first successful experiment in hydraulic mining, with the "Little Giant," east of the Mississippi River, has been made. To get the water to this mine the valley of Cane Creek, 300 feet deep, had to be crossed. This gave a head to the "Little Giant" of 130 feet.

The rock, which consists principally of decomposed quartz, is separated from the main body in open cuts on the hillside, and, with sledge-hammers, broken up into fragments varying in size from that of a man's fist to double or treble that size. The cuts from which these rocks are separated are carefully made wider at the top, narrowing to a small channel at the bottom. They just represent, along the hillside, the space covered by the letter V, lying at an angle varying from 45 deg. to 75 deg. along the slope of the hill, with the deepest part of the cut extending through the centre of the area thus described. From the bottom angle of the figure V a narrow cut on the face of the hill, say from two to three feet wide, and varying, according to the slope of the hill, from a perpendicular depth of from ten to forty or fifty feet into the hill, forms the channel through which, when the water is let on from the reservoir at the top of the hill, the ore is driven on to the floor of the mill at the base of the mountain. By this method a mass of ore—say from seventy-five to one hundred tons—is "flooded" to the mill within ten minutes from the time when the water is turned on from above. It is this great economy—rendering hauling of ores unnecessary—which forms one of the main elements of the value of all the mines in this section of country.

If the prognosis of the inhabitants of Northern Georgia is correct, there is good reason to believe that emigration to that region will be as active and steady as they could desire. If the gold is there in sufficient quantities to warrant the opening of the veins, capital will soon be seeking investment there, and labor will prefer working the mines that are within thirty-six hours of New York to those of the Pacific Slope.

The tourist may obtain a fair idea of the country by a trip over the Piedmont and the Atlanta and Charlotte Air Line Railways, the latter of which is built on the southern highland bench of the Blue Ridge, at an altitude of 1,000 to 1,500 feet, skirting bald peaks, bridging great ravines, and overlooking at times fair, far-reaching valleys and the wide plains to the south, or giving views of the Blue Ridge, which rises almost constantly in sight in a parallel line north.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Sydney Papers state that some important gold discoveries have been made in the Bathurst district near Tuena, and that in one claim a bushel of broken quartz yielded two pounds of gold. A very rich gold-field has also been found at the Margaret River, in the Northern Territory of South Australia.

M. Herre-Mangon, the director of the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, has compiled a catalogue of the celebrated Vaucanson collection; it will be very shortly placed at the disposal of the public in the Portefeuille Industriel, a special library opened in the Conservatoire for the communication of designs and documents relating to industry.

The French Parliament has voted a sum of 300,000 francs for purchasing from the City of Paris the grounds which had been rented for a nominal sum to M. Leverrier by the Municipal Council, and had been already annexed by the great astronomer to the Observatory. The reason for this resolution is the impending erection of a new monument, which, according to the provision of the French law, cannot be built except on ground the freehold of which belongs to the Government.

On August 8th the pupils of all the schools of the Arts et Métiers of France met at Liancourt to celebrate the 100th anniversary of the foundation by the Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Liancourt of the first establishment of this kind at his private residence. There are four of these useful schools—Aix, Angers, Châlons and Cluses—in existence in France, and one in Algeria, of very recent creation, at Dellys. It is said that each of the two provinces of Oran and Constantine will establish, at their own expense, a similar institution.

On July 13th, at the end of the French legislative session, the Minister of Marine and the Colonies presented to the Lower House a credit of 1,300,000 francs for establishing fortified posts from Medina on the Senegal to Bafoulabe on the Niger, on the route which will be followed by the projected railway for connecting these two large rivers. It includes also several other items connected with the same scheme. It was adopted on the same day and voted by the Senate on the 15th, so that the first step may be said to have been taken for the establishment of the connecting link between Algiers and St. Louis, via Timbuctoo.

The German African Society (Deutsche Afrikanische Gesellschaft) has at the present moment not less than six different expeditions traveling through Central Africa. The large funds necessary for the outfitting of these numerous travelers are raised partly through private subscription and partly through subsidies of the German Government. Among the travelers are (1) Dr. M. Buchner, who, starting from San Paolo de Loanda in an easterly direction, may have already reached the large lakes of the Upper Nile or the Upper Congo; (2) Dr. Oscar Lenz, who is on the way from Morocco to Timbuctoo, whence he will proceed to Senegambia; (3) a large expedition, comprising Dr. Böhm, Von Schöler, De Kayser, etc., which will establish a station near the Tanganyika Lake, in connection with the stations of the International Association; (4) Gerhard Rohls and Dr. Stecker will soon proceed to Abyssinia, and thence the latter through the Gallas country to the sea-coast; (5) Dr. Pogge, together with several other travelers, will shortly start from San Paolo de Loanda for the interior, to establish a German station in the neighborhood of the Muata Janvo, about in the middle of the Continent; finally (6) Herr Flegel will follow the course of the Nile upwards, and explore the sources of that river. The German African Society has certainly developed under the presidency of Dr. Nachtigall a very unusual activity, and it is only to be hoped that these great efforts in the interest of the exploration of Africa may have good results.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

OLB BULL, the well-known violinist, died at Bergen, Norway, on August 18th, in the 71st year of his age.

SIR GARNET WOLSELEY is selected by the British Government to attend the grand imperial military manoeuvres at Berlin in the Autumn.

A BERLIN dispatch says that Count Henry Von Arnim desires a rehearing, and has expressed readiness to submit himself to Prussian jurisdiction.

THE statement is made that the Duke of Norfolk intends seeing Monsignor Capel through his money troubles. This means advances of \$20,000.

It is said that definite arrangements have been completed for the first appearance of Edwin Booth at the Princess Theatre, in London, in October.

HON. EUGENE SCHUYLER has succeeded, through the mediation of the British Minister, in arranging trade relations between Roumania and the United States.

SALVINI, the Italian tragedian, has signed a contract whereby he engages to play five months in this country, beginning November 29th. He will be supported by an American company.

THE Marquis of Stafford, eldest son of the Duke of Sutherland, is to be married at the close of the season to Miss Gerard, daughter of Lord Gerard, the head of one of the old Catholic Lancashire families.

GENERAL JOSEPH B. KIDDO, U. S. A., died in New York City on August 19th, from the effects of wounds received during the rebellion. He was a native of Pennsylvania and was 43 years of age.

MISS ADELAIDE NEILSON, the actress, who died in Paris on August 15th, was driving in the Bois de Boulogne on Saturday evening when she was seized with sudden illness and was conveyed to the nearest restaurant, where she expired. A post-mortem examination attributes her death to dropsy of the heart, accelerated by extreme indigestion.

MR. JAMES E. TAYLOR, for many years connected with the Art Department of this establishment, has just received an order from General Sherman for a large water-color of the grand review of the army at the national capital in 1865. Mr. Taylor has already executed several orders for the General of the Army illustrating of historical scenes in military and Indian life.

A HANDSOME writing-table has been made at the command of the Queen out of a portion of the timber of the old Arctic ship *Resolute*, which was lately broken up. Her Majesty intends to present it to the President of the United States "as a memorial of the courtesy and loving kindness which dictated the offer of the *Resolute*." It will, of course, be placed in the White House.

EX-GOVERNOR CORNUM of Maine is eighty years old, and looks after his financial affairs with the same interest that he manifested thirty years ago. Mr. Corburn is the richest man in the State. He is not a church member, but gives largely of his wealth to churches and institutions of learning. He is an ardent Republican and contributes to the success of the cause. He is unmarried, strictly temperate, and enjoys the reputation of being honest and honorable.

It is announced that Mr. Herbert Spencer, the well known scientific philosopher, intends next year to make a tour round the world by way of the United States and Japan. He will devote two years to it, taking sociological observations at the more important points on the route. One or two scientific friends and one of his secretaries will accompany him on the tour, which will be the immediate preliminary to the completion of his philosophical system as originally planned.

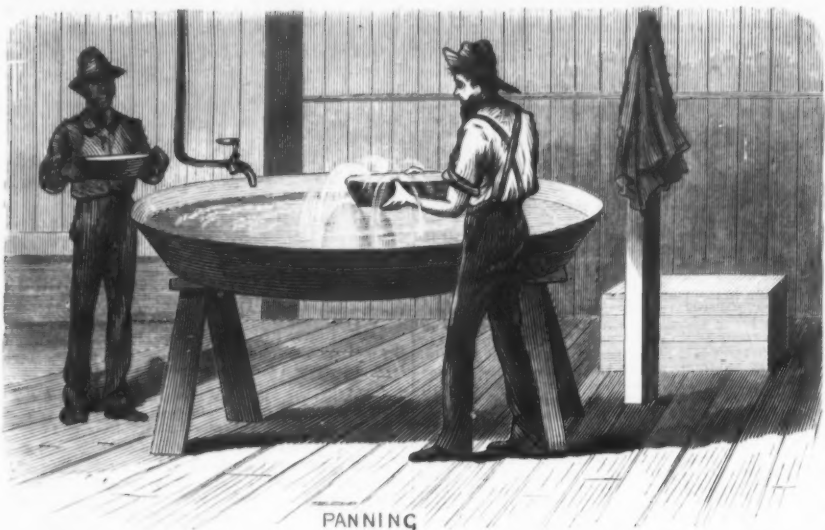
A ROMAN CATHOLIC peer of distinguished lineage died on August 5th—Baron Clifford of Chudleigh, a Count of the Holy Roman Empire. The celebrated Fair Rosamond was the elder daughter of his first recognized ancestor, who lived in the reign of Henry II. Another ancestor was Sir Lewis de Clifford, who has been much noticed by historians as a chief zealot among the Lollards, and who made a famous recantation before Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of Canterbury. The fourth Baron was once of the celebrated Cabal Administration. The mother of the late peer was a daughter of Thomas Weld, who, after the death of his wife, took Orders from the Pope and was created a Cardinal in 1830. The new peer was born at Rome.

LORD STRATFORD DE REDCLIFFE, better known as Sir Stratford Canning, died August 15th at the ripe old age of ninety-two years. In his day and generation he made a stir in the world, and his services to the British State won for him, successively, a baronetcy and a peerage and the Garter. His career as a diplomat began in the far away time when our grandfathers were young. He was a full fledged Minister Plenipotentiary in the year 1814, and in 1815 he was present at the Vienna Congress that reconstructed Europe after Napoleon's fall. His fame rests, however, upon what he accomplished while Envoy at Constantinople during the sixteen years between 1842 and 1858—a period covering that of the Crimean war.

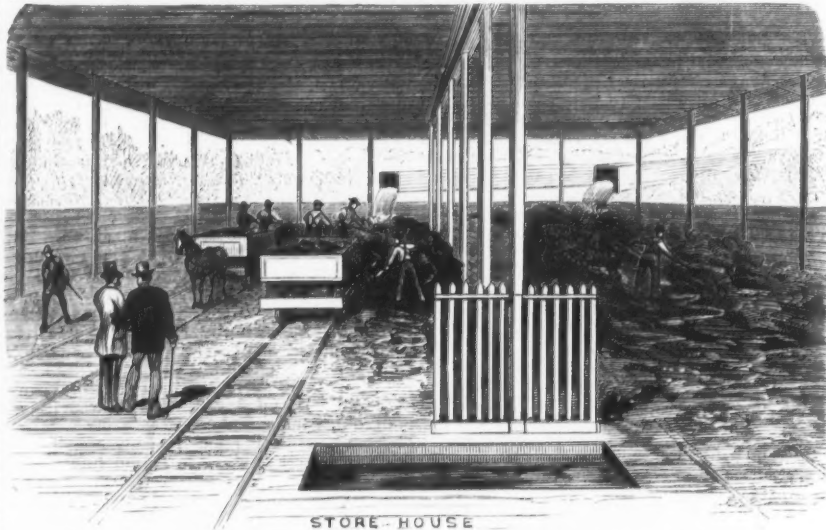
EX-GOVERNOR HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON died at his residence in Jefferson County, Ga., on August 16th, in the sixty-eighth year of his age. He was Presidential elector in 1844, United States Senator in 1848, Judge in 1849, and Governor of Georgia from 1853 to 1857. He was also the Democratic candidate for Vice-President with Douglas in 1860, and a member of the Secession Convention in Georgia in 1861, when he opposed vigorously the policy of leaving the Union. In 1863 he was elected to the Confederate States Senate, and presided over the State Constitutional Convention in 1865. In 1866 he was elected United States Senator, but was not permitted to take his seat. In 1873 he was elected Circuit Judge of the State, which position he held at the time of his death.

THE vehement opposition offered by the Bonaparte family to the engagement contracted some months ago by Prince Roland Bonaparte and Mile. Blanc, principal heiress to the enormous fortune amassed by the late high priest of *rouge et noir* at Monaco, has proved fruitless, and the wedding day of the happy pair is fixed for the first of October next. The mother of the future princess has caused a splendid villa to be erected for the young couple in the Casino de Florence, whither they will repair at the conclusion of their honeymoon. Prince Roland holds a commission in the republican army as sub-lieutenant of artillery, and, being totally destitute of private means, has hitherto contrived to live upon his pay. By his marriage he will become the wealthiest scion of the house of Bonaparte.

MEISSONIER, when in Paris, lives near the Parc Monceau. The frontage is at the top of the Boulevard Malesherbes, just at the beginning of the Avenue de Villiers. Dumas and Sarah Bernhardt are his neighbors. The house is Italian renaissance. There is little to see outside beyond a large expanse of masonry, as neatly joined as a piece of cabinet-work; but within are the terraces and arcades which form such charming backgrounds in the pictures of the Italian school. Pass the porte-cochère and you are in a spacious courtyard, in one corner whereof you see a richly carved Gothic stairway with an arched terrace forming the boundary on the other side. Not a bit of the decoration but has been done from his own designs. You pass from the courtyard up a staircase, rich in carved paneling, to the prime wonder of the house—the immense studio. Behind is a smaller atelier, and in this Meissonier works.



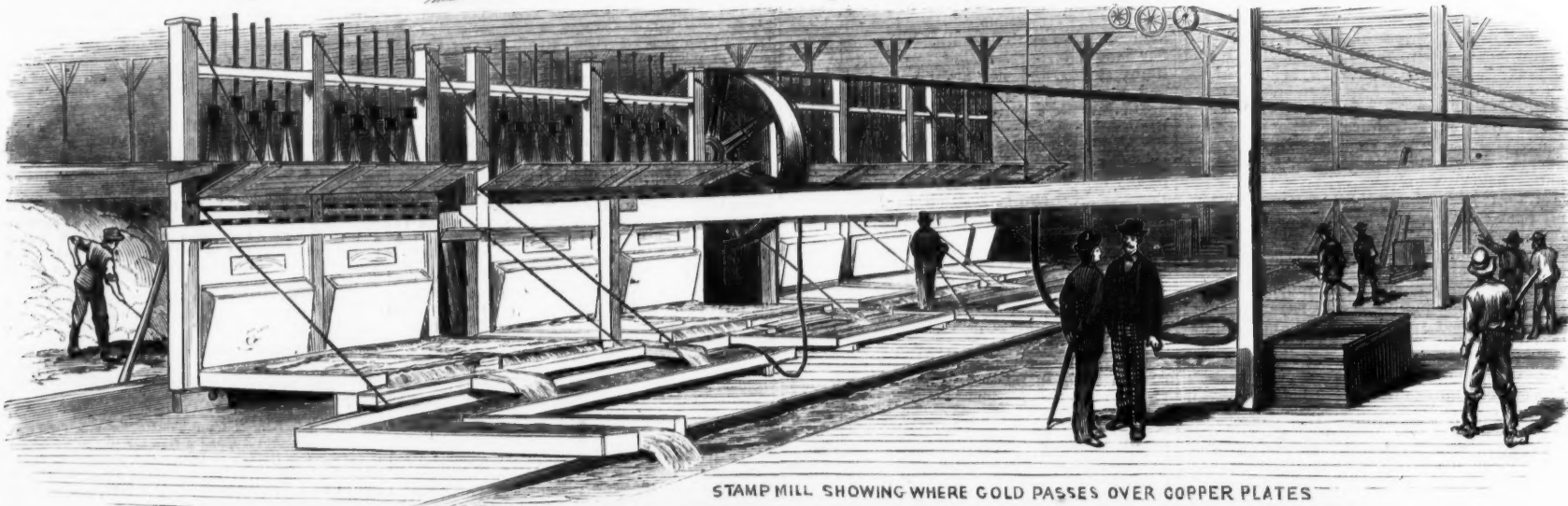
PANNING



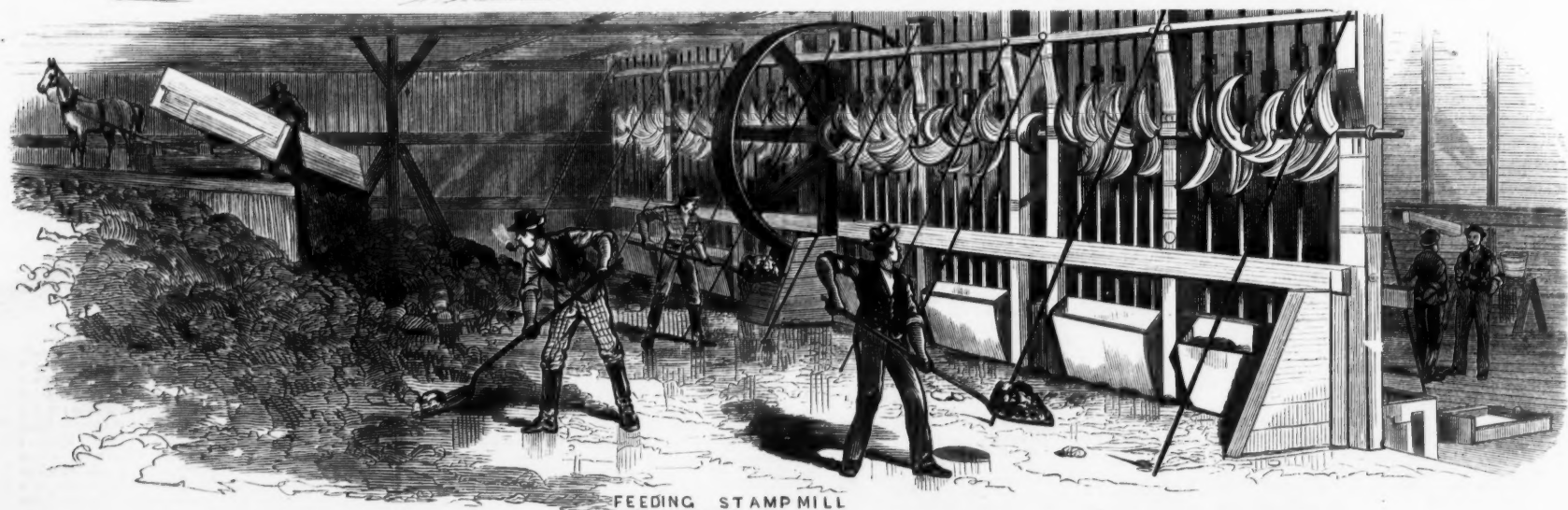
STORE-HOUSE



THE CUT

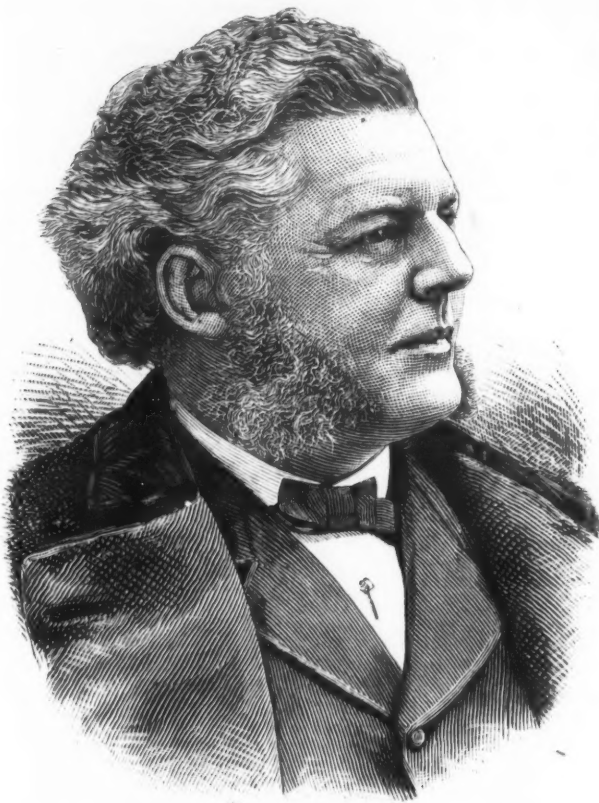


STAMP MILL SHOWING WHERE GOLD PASSES OVER COPPER PLATES



FEEDING STAMP MILL

GEORGIA.—PROGRESS OF AMERICAN INDUSTRY—GOLD-MINING AT THE DAHLONEGA DISTRICT.
FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 11.



HON. H. B. HIGELOW, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF CONNECTICUT.—FROM A PHOTO, BY PACH.—SEE PAGE 6.

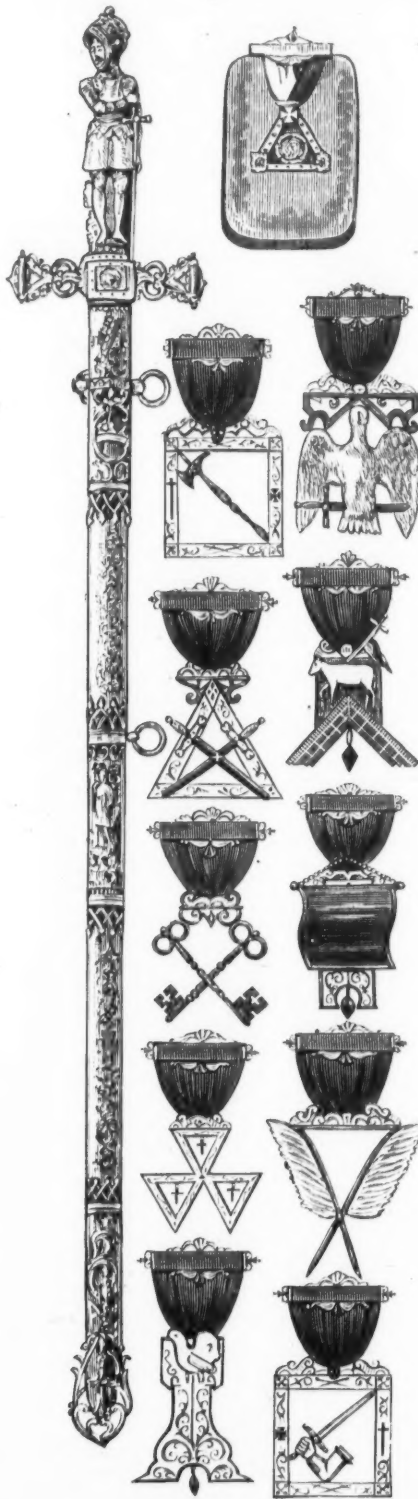
on the outside, is a red velvet cross, and on the inside, "Triennial Conclave, Chicago, August 17th, 1880." There were also sixteen solid gold badges for this number of the triennial committee. These badges, also designed and made by Peacock, are very beautiful in workmanship and design. On the pin is engraved the name of the recipient, and below this, connected by a black-and-white ribbon, is the date "1880" on a small piece of gold. Hanging from this is a two-inch triangle. On the upper corner is the coat-of-arms of the Apollo, on the right the Chicago, and on the left, the St. Bernard Commandery. The sides of the triangle are each set with four pearls, to represent the twelve lights.



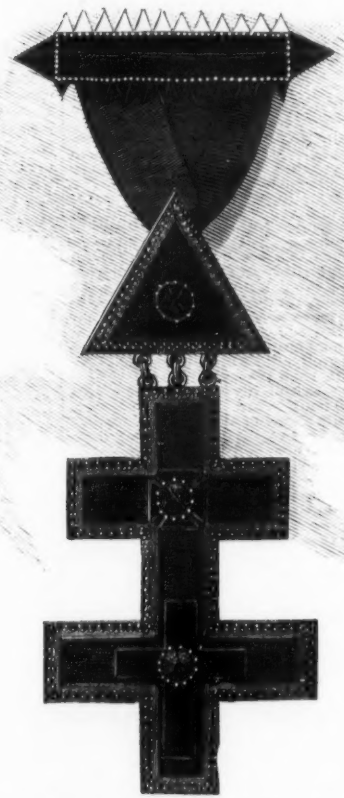
HON. DAVID H. JEROME, REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR GOVERNOR OF MICHIGAN.
FROM A PHOTO, BY DAN W. SMITH.—SEE PAGE 6.



THE GRAND STANDARD.



THE DIAMOND-MOUNTED SWORD, "TRIENNIAL COMMITTEE" BADGE, AND SET OF COMMANDERY JEWELS.

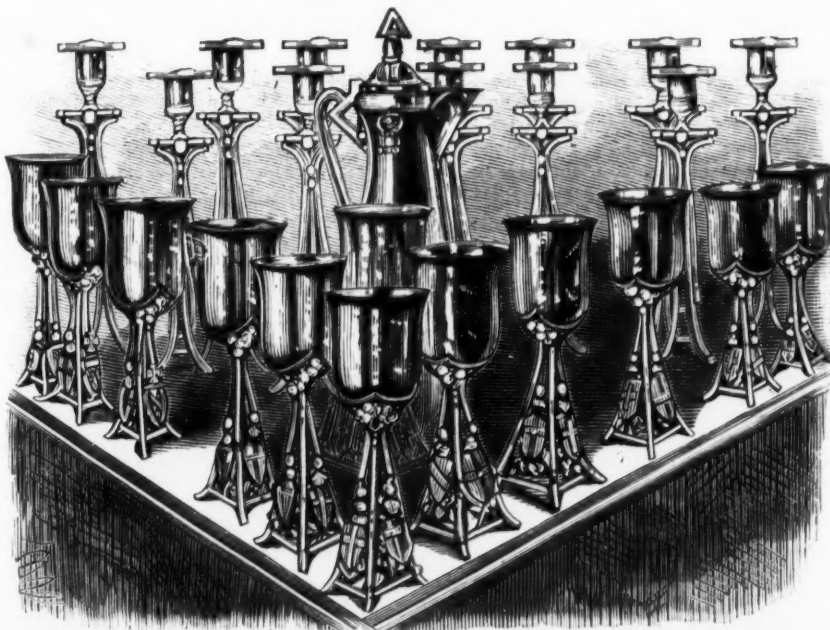


THE GRAND COMMANDERY JEWELS—DOUBLE OR PATRIARCHAL CROSS.

THE TRIENNIAL CONCLAVE OF KNIGHTS TEMPLAR.

THE Triennial Conclave of Knights Templar at Chicago last week was, undoubtedly, the most brilliant affair of the kind ever undertaken in this country. One of the great attractions of the occasion was the grand prize drill which took place at Chicago Jockey Club Park on August 16th. The exhibition was witnessed by an immense concourse of spectators. The prizes were seven in number. The first was a magnificent sword, with twenty-eight diamonds in the setting, and double that many rubies and emeralds. It has also large diamonds on each side of the helmet of the knight which forms the handle, another at the hilt of this golden knight's sword, and at each of the angles of the triangle at the ends of the cross-bar of the sword, and others on the sheath. The sides of the triangle just mentioned are completely filled with rubies and emeralds, while encircling the central part of the handle is a circle of small diamonds. Emeralds and rubies are worked in beautiful designs in other parts of the handle and sheath. The sword, designed and made by C. D. Peacock, of State and Washington Streets, Chicago, has a beautifully-polished black-walnut case, with a silver and ebony handle, and a silver inscription plate, with the words, "First Prize at Chicago, August 17th, 1880." The case is lined with blue satin. This prize was won by Raper Commandery, of Indianapolis.

Another drill prize made by the same jeweler is a complete set of commandery badges. The eminent commander's badge is a solid gold pin, pendant from which is a triangle and cross. The triangle has a large diamond in the center. The other badges are solid silver, with beautiful designs, and, on the average, cover a space of two and a half inches square. The set consists of fifteen pieces, one each for the eminent commander, generalissimo, captain general, treasurer, secretary, senior and junior wardens, prelate, four guards, standard and sword bearers, and warden. This jewelry is set in a black velvet-covered case, on the cover of which,



THE GRAND LIBATION SET.

Within the triangle is a circle with "Triennial Committee" upon it in black enamel. In the center of the circle is a monogram of the three local commanderies.

One of the most coveted prizes was the Grand Standard, manufactured by Messrs. G. F. Foster, Son & Co., of Chicago. The body of the banner is heavy white silk, and in dimension is six feet high by five feet wide. The center-piece is a passion cross worked in light gold bullion and surrounded by intricate scroll-work, embroidered in pure gold bullion. This part of the ornamentation occupied the time of several persons for over five weeks. On the transcript of the cross in the center is a double triangle forming a square, on which is executed in oil the figures of mounted crusaders in full ancient armor, at the head of a line of dismounted crusaders, also in complete knightly armor. The inscriptions on the banner above the cross and below it are worked in gold bullion, and are respectively the words, "In Hoc Signo Vinces," and "Non Nobis sed Nomine tuo da Gloriam." From the point of the standard-pole, which is surmounted with a gold patriarchal cross, to the end of the standard-bar, the tips of which are affixed with golden spear-points and crescents, a black velvet canopy trails in graceful folds. The fringe of the banner is composed of gold tassels of delicate and handsome design. The cost of this standard was nearly \$500. The banner was an extra special prize to accompany the first prize—the sword, already described.

Two other important prizes, manufactured by Giles Brothers & Co., were a grand libation set and a grand commander's jewel. The first consists of twenty-five pieces, quadruple plate of fine silver, and are exquisite in design and workmanship. The twelve candlesticks, some twelve inches high, have a triangular base supporting three silver uprights terminating in a triangle which bears the socket, the horizontal face of which is a Maltese cross. Half way up the uprights is a triangular brace, on the three sides of which are respectively the armorial shields of the Apollo, Chicago and St. Bernard Commanderies in gold. The base of the twelve goblets, which

ILLINOIS.—PRIZES AWARDED THE SUCCESSFUL COMMANDERIES OF KNIGHTS TEMPLAR, AFTER THE COMPETITIVE DRILL, AUGUST 18TH.
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY MOSHER.

are gold-lined, is the same as the candlesticks. The pitcher preserves the triangular formation throughout, and simplicity and richness characterize the entire design. The case which contains the set is ornate in design and finish, and appropriately symbolized with the Templar devices. The grand commandery jewel is a superb piece of artistic goldsmithery. It is a double or patriarchal cross connected by three links to a triangle above, which is the red ribbon and gold pin. At the lower transcript of the cross is a raised passion cross in black enamel set with a magnificent diamond. At the upper transcript is a Maltese cross set with a ruby. The centre of the triangle is a fine emerald. The gems are about a carat and half, and of the first water. The edges of the cross proper and triangle form the three steps of Masonry in red, green and yellow gold, and are triangulated upon the face. The pin preserves its Masonic character by inscribing a parallelogram bordered by triangulation. These prizes are valued at \$1,000 each. The remaining prizes, two in number, were a bouquet set, embracing six dozen pieces of granite glass and silverware, and a set of "robes" for Red Cross council. The photos of the prizes from which our illustrations are made were supplied by Mosher, of Chicago.

The second prize was awarded to De Molay Commandery, of Louisville; third prize to Red Commandery, of Dayton, Ohio; and fourth prize to Damascene Commandery, of St. Paul. The special prize for mounted men was awarded to the De Molay Commandery, of Grand Rapids.

The Postal Service.

THE rapid growth of the country is well illustrated by some figures recently compiled at the Post Office Department. The whole number of post-offices in the country at present is 42,677, which is an increase of nearly 2,000 during the last twelve months, the number on the 30th of June, 1879, having been but 40,855. The increase during the last year has been much more rapid than in the previous twelve months. Pennsylvania stands first on the list in point of numbers, with 3,432, New York coming second, with 2,938. The number of presidential offices, that is, of those where the compensation exceeds \$1,000, is 1,764, an increase of 53 during the past year. New York has a larger number of such offices than Pennsylvania—183 to 161—despite the fact that Pennsylvania leads in the whole number of post-offices.

The Empire Agricultural State.

THE Chicago Tribune says: The State of Illinois has achieved the high position of the Empire Agricultural State of America, and under circumstances which lead to the certainty that its pre-eminence in this respect will be maintained long into the future. In point of population it has been for a number of years the fourth State in the Union, being exceeded only by New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio; the present census will probably show it to have a population somewhat in excess of Ohio, but in agricultural production, both as to quantities and values, it has taken its place at the head of the column.

The State contains an area of 55,410 square miles, equal to 35,402,400 acres of land. Perhaps there is not in the world an equal block of land where there is so small a proportion unadapted to the plow, or which is lost to agriculture by reason of mountains, barrens, swamps or overflows of water. Deducting the land devoted to railroads, right of way, to wagon roads, to cities, towns and villages, and there remains in Illinois 50,000 square miles of land which, for general fertility and adaptability to agriculture, has no superior, if it have an equal, in the world. The rainfall ranges from sufficient to abundant, but never excessive, except upon the low lands, and these are being reclaimed by tile-drainage, while the temperature is evidenced by the almost unending production which extends to every county of the State, from the lake to the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. The deep, rich soil, the equable temperature, the adequate rainfall—all unite in rendering the State of Illinois capable of a greater average production of food-crops per acre within her limits than is possible for any other State on the continent. Nor are her crops limited as to kind. Nearly every staple production of the soil is produced in Illinois—all varieties of grain, with the addition of amber sugar-cane, and even cotton in the southern counties, with a prolific production of a vast variety of vegetables and of many small fruits which promises to be one of the most profitable character.

In 1878 the productive lands of Illinois were thus divided:

	Acres.		Acres.
Wheat	2,069,563	Corn	7,627,735
Oats	1,456,644	Meadows	2,302,888
Other field pro- ducts	711,228	Inclosed pas- tures	3,760,071
Woodlands	5,607,390	Orchards	294,648

The wheat crop of 1878 was estimated at 36,000,000 bushels, corn at 245,000,000, oats at 44,000,000. Since then this acreage, as well as that devoted to other crops, has been largely increased. Of the product of the farms in this State in 1879 we have no official figures except in a few of the principal items. The Hon. B. B. Gillham, President of the Illinois Agricultural Society, in his report, now in press, gives some returns corrected to a late date, and the exhibit of Illinois compares with the whole country as follows:

	Crop of No. 1879 in United States.	Crop of No. 1879 in Illinois.
Corn, bushels	1,514,809,000	305,913,377
Wheat, bushels	418,755,000	45,041,252
Hay, tons	35,648,000	64,578,746
Oats, bushels	364,253,000	64,694,569
Rye, bushels	23,646,500	4,238,824
Cattle, number	33,234,500	1,862,265
Horses, number	10,938,700	887,238

From the figures it will be seen that in 1879 Illinois produced one-fifth of all the corn produced in the United States, more than one-tenth of all the wheat, and both of these crops this State exceeded any other State in the Union, and in these particulars this excess over the other fertile States of the Union will in all probability be maintained.

But the productiveness of Illinois is not confined to wheat and corn. The total number of hogs killed and packed in the United States last year was, in round numbers, 13,000,000, of which Illinois sent to market as her crop 2,700,000, which is over 21 per cent. The oat crop of Illinois amounted to 15 per cent of all produced in the Union; and in the production of rye, barley, hay, butter, cheese, seeds and potatoes and other root crops, Illinois ranks high among her sister States.

Mr. Gillham, in his report, tabulates comparatively the annual products of the gold and silver mines of the United States from 1874 to 1879, both inclusive, and the value of the corn crop of Illinois in the same years. All the gold and silver gathered from the mines in these six years aggregated \$477,613,792, while the value of the corn crop in Illinois was \$470,216,013. The corn-fields of Illinois alone have been as productive as all the bonanzas and other mines in all the country.

In the meantime, while the State of Illinois is fairly entitled to be called the Empire Agricultural State of the Union, because of the greater magnitude of her farm productions, both as to quantity and value, the State has grown rich in the extent

and value of her manufactures. Her abundance of coal, her great water-power, her means of transportation, the abundance of raw material, and the immense population which surrounds the great central market at Chicago, furnish to the great manufacturers of the country inducements not exceeded by those of any other section. It is more economical to bring the workshop and the workmen where the food is produced in sight of the factory, and where the millions of consumers of manufactured goods are in close proximity and can make their exchange of commodities at less cost. Thus, while Illinois is growing rapidly as one of the manufacturing States of the Union, her supremacy as an agricultural State continues to assert itself at each returning season of seed-time and harvest.

Foreign Armies.

NOTHING is more remarkable in Europe than the recent rapid increase of the armies of the leading States, and certainly nothing is more injurious to the best interests of the people at large. France, Germany and Russia, not to speak of Italy and Austria, have been bending every energy and employing all their available revenue in the last ten years to strengthen their vast military bodies. The increment of the Russian forces during the last quarter of a century is shown by a document lately published in St. Petersburg. At the beginning of 1853 the Russian Army numbered 27,716 officers and 968,382 men, including reserve, local, auxiliary and Cossack troops. During the Crimean war (1854-56), the force of the Empire was, of course, largely increased, and comprised, January 1st, 1856, according to official reports, 41,817 officers and 2,257,454 men. How many of these were in the field or fit for actual service, is not even approximately known. The active army then numbered, it is said, about 25,000 officers and 1,200,000 men; the reserves, 7,876 officers and 572,158 men; the irregular forces, 3,640 officers and 168,691 men; the militia and Cossacks, some 540,000, all told. Vast deductions must naturally be made from these figures in counting an effective force. In 1863, for example, when the returns of the Minister of War exhibited the regular troops at 838,957 men, careful examination reduced it to 385,000 men—considerably less than an one-half. In November, last year, the Russian Army comprised, nominally, 908 generals, 31,414 officers, and 886,425 men, while at the same date the reserve numbered 742,168 men, and the Cossacks 53,422 men, with about 106,000 on furlough. It is not likely, however, that any such force could be brought into the field. A German military writer recently proved that the revenue annually devoted to the maintenance of the Russian Army would be inadequate to sustain so large a body, even if administered on the most economical principles, and nothing is so administered in Russia. There is no greater difference in scarcely anything than between an army on paper and an army in the field, particularly in Russia.

Life at the Azores.

TO FIND a place to live in at once comfortable and cheap is usually a vain search, for all travelers know, as a rule, that the cheap places are not comfortable, and that the comfortable places are not cheap. St. Michael, the largest of the Azores, seems to be an exception, from the account of an American who has been spending some time at Ponta Delgada and Ribeira Grande, two considerable towns on that island. He calls it, on the whole, the best spot on earth, and the poor man's Eden. The soil is fertile, the climate beautiful, mild and delightful, the scenery charming, and the inhabitants are noted for simplicity and kindness. Labor is very cheap, and consequently the streets of the towns and the roads leading there are kept very clean and in excellent order. Eggs can be bought for five cents a dozen; good beef for three cents a pound; fowls for twelve cents a piece, and comfortable dwellings hired for \$7 a month. For \$600 a year one can live well; for \$700 handsomely, and for \$1,000 superbly, keeping carriage and horses. The whole island is picturesque, containing many beautiful gardens, which are well taken care of. The land is owned by a few rich people, and rented at the rate of \$50 to \$60 an acre. The peasants perform all the labor in the country proper, go barefooted and live so economically that \$100 a year suffices for the expenses of a small family. The fashions in dress have not changed for a century, either among the upper or lower classes. The women wear coquettish garments resembling the ulsters worn here by the other sex, and reaching the whole length of the figure. The head-covering, termed a capilla, attached to the copake, is like one of the old New England bonnets, and is pulled over the face when a stranger approaches. The natives never attempt to see the countenances of their friends, whom they recognize by their feet, looking down, not up, as they pass anybody in the street or on the road. St. Michael, which is about thirty miles square, appears, indeed, to be a miniature paradise, at least for men of small means. It is very questionable, however, whether women would like it. How could they enjoy an island where fashions never change during a lifetime, and where only one sort of garment is worn? So much of the contemporary woman's time is occupied in ordinary civilization, with taking off and putting on clothes, that she would suffer excessively at St. Michael for lack of congenial employment.

Boston Baked Beans.

THOUGH Boston has acquired some fame as a large consumer of this esculent, baked beans have been from time immemorial a favorite dish throughout New England. The sturdy men and women of generations ago, who braved dangers and hardships in planting an independent colony, added strength to their sinews and muscles by eating simple food, of which baked beans were a much cherished ingredient, and of all ancient dishes none have stood better the test of time and the caprices of the appetites of the people. But it is a little singular that, while New England is so large a consumer of baked beans, and New Englanders—more especially the residents of Boston—have acquired the mystery of cooking them perfectly, the dish is not in much favor elsewhere, and that the knowledge of baking them properly is exceedingly limited. It may be said that one circumstance is due to the other—that is, that where it is not known how to bake beans properly, they are naturally not a popular article of diet. If the method and process of baking were patented, it could scarcely be more exclusively held by New Englanders. Custom has prescribed either Saturday night or Sunday morning as the "correct time" for eating baked beans, and the scene at the baker's then is the busiest of the week. Among the hundreds of bakers in Boston, there are but few who do not "put to soak" on Friday night from one to five barrels of beans, which, added to the number cooked in private dwellings, will give one a conception of how well deserving is Boston of her fame as a bean-consuming city. A well-informed gentleman estimates that the consumption of beans in Boston is about 200 barrels per week, or about 10,000 barrels per year. One reason why Boston baked beans are considered better than any others is that almost invariably they are baked in brick ovens over night. Besides baking a quantity to sell, the bakers, for the nominal sum of five cents per pot, receive and bake the beans that are prepared by their customers, thus adding materially to their own profit and the convenience of the public. It is a fact, certainly not uni-

versally known, that there is in Boston an establishment devoted exclusively to the baking of beans, entirely separate from the canning institution. It is the only establishment of the kind in the world, probably, and it is exceedingly doubtful whether it could live anywhere else. At all events, attempts have been made to establish similar institutions elsewhere, and nothing but failure has been the result, and it is now plain enough that a bean-eating community is requisite to support a bean-baking establishment. The success of the Boston bean-baking was assured from the start, and its enterprising proprietor has climbed up the road to wealth by the bean alone, without assistance from the pole. Every night in the week the fire under the spacious brick oven is in full blast, and two teams are kept busy daily in delivering the pots and their smoking-hot contents. Of the customers of the bakery fully one-half are restaurant-keepers, who pay 20 cents for two quarts of beans, and then retail them at 10, 15 and 25 cents per plate. The bakery consumes from 1,900 to 3,800 pounds of beans per week, and its oven has the capacity to bake 450 pots in a single night. It is, perhaps, worthy of note that the bakery is located in a fashionable quarter of the city.

FUN.

A CASE of suspended animation—Swinging in a hammock.

THE watermelon is like a book. It isn't red until it is opened.

A CHEAP Summer excursion—a trip on the light fantastic toe.

CHEATING never prospers—except, perhaps, in trading horses.

A SMOKER in an open horse car takes a rear seat for his money.

OF all the bottles that have been thrown overboard from imperiled ships, no despairing man gave up hope so utterly as to fling into the sea a bottle of fine old brandy.

"MY umbrella is getting decidedly shabby," said a young man about town one night last week. "I believe I will have to strike another prayer-meeting the first rainy night."

HE opened the door cautiously, and poking his head in a suggestive sort of way, as if there was more to follow, inquired: "Is this the editorial rinkum?" "The what, my friend?" "Is this the rinkum—rinkum—rinkum, or some such place where the editors live?" "This is the editorial room, yes, sir. Come in." "No, I guess I won't come in. I wanted to see what a rinkum was like, that's all. Looks like our garret, only wuss. Good-day."

"THIS is how a Twenty-fourth Ward man told it: 'Judge Wheeler sent for me. I went down, and he received me cordially. He said: 'I have heard of the wonderful things you have accomplished by knocking down five persons and assaulting six others, and I am proud of you.' Then he offered a toast, 'Gully, or not gully?' to which I responded in a brief but elegant speech, setting forth the importance of the occasion that had brought us together. After the usual ceremonies, I was requested to lend the city ten dollars.'"

A DAY or two ago as a colored bootblack was passing a down-town bar-room and fruit store he picked up the stump of a cigar from the gutter and went into the store and asked for a match. He was met with the reply, "We don't keep matches to give away." The boy started out, but stopped at the door, turned back and asked the proprietor, "Do you sell 'em?" He purchased a box, paid his two cents and lit his stump, after which he closed the box and asked the proprietor to put it on the shelf and "next time a g-man asks you for a match just give 'im one out'n my box."

ON West street, the other day, "Where are you going, my pretty maid?" asked a benevolent old gentleman, as he chuckled under the chin a little tot of a six-year-old, who was walking gravely along with a basket on her arm. "Give these good day, graybeard," replied the midget, simply. "My father bade me to the shambles his for a fat haunch." "W-w-what?" ejaculated the old party. "Haply thou knowest him, the good man Skidmore?" inquired the tiny dame. "N-o-o," said the gentleman, much puzzled at the evident earnestness of the child. "You're a quaint little thing. Come with me, and I'll buy you some candy." "Alack! I am forbid to tarry, gentlesir. I need be bythe. 'Ther patience stays upon my coming." "Gentleman," said the old gentleman, "Rest you merry, master," and dipping a chubby little courtesy, the mite trotted off. "Bless my soul! what an extraordinary child!" said the gentleman to a neighbor, who had been looking on. "Oh! that's nothing," replied the other. "You see, she's the daughter of Bilson, the heavy man at the theatre, and I suppose they talk so much of that kind of lingo in the family that it comes natural to her. Doesn't hear anything else, you see."

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CHICAGO, Ill., May 5th, 1879.

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